

THE GOAT

"A"

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"B"



ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

Entered at the Post Office Dept. Ottawa, Ont., as second class matter.

Published at St. Johns, P.Q.

Yearly Subscription, \$1.50
Post Paid to all parts of the world



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TORONTO, ONT.

NOVEMBER, 1933

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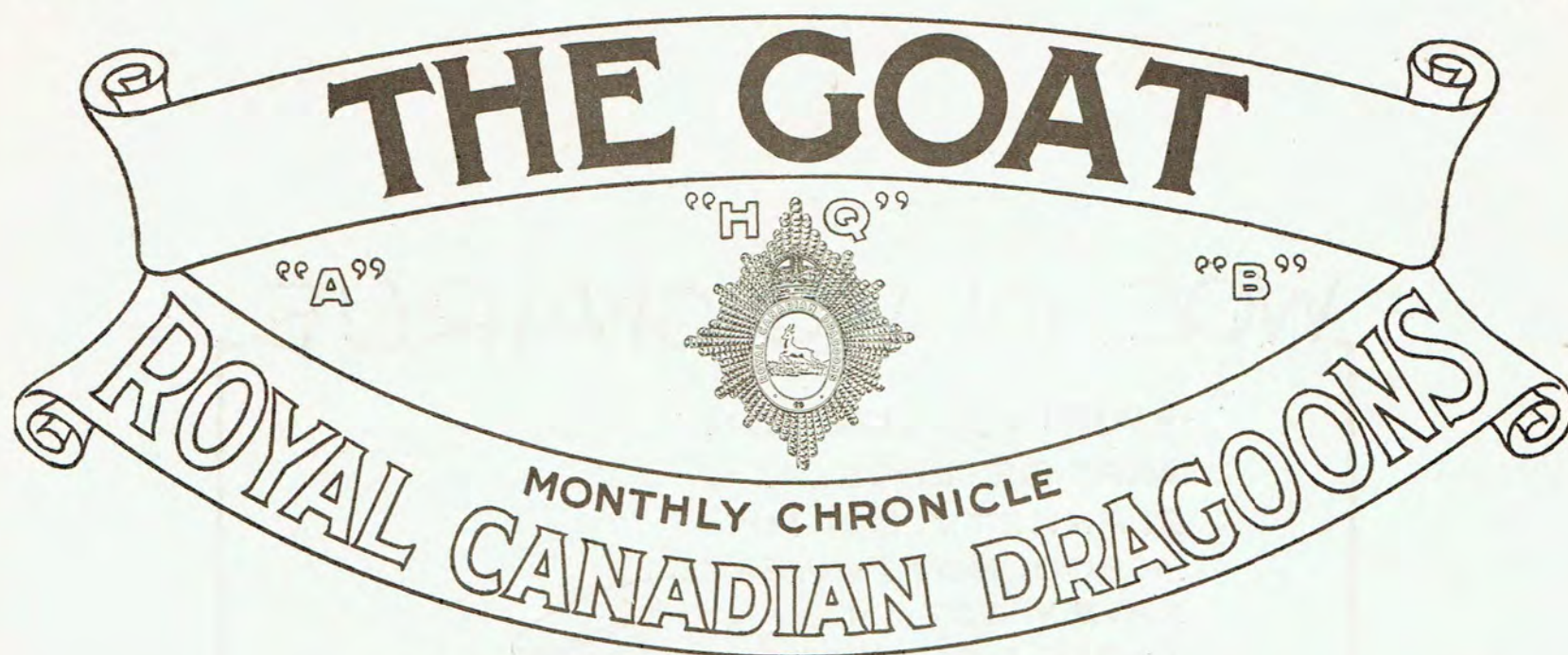
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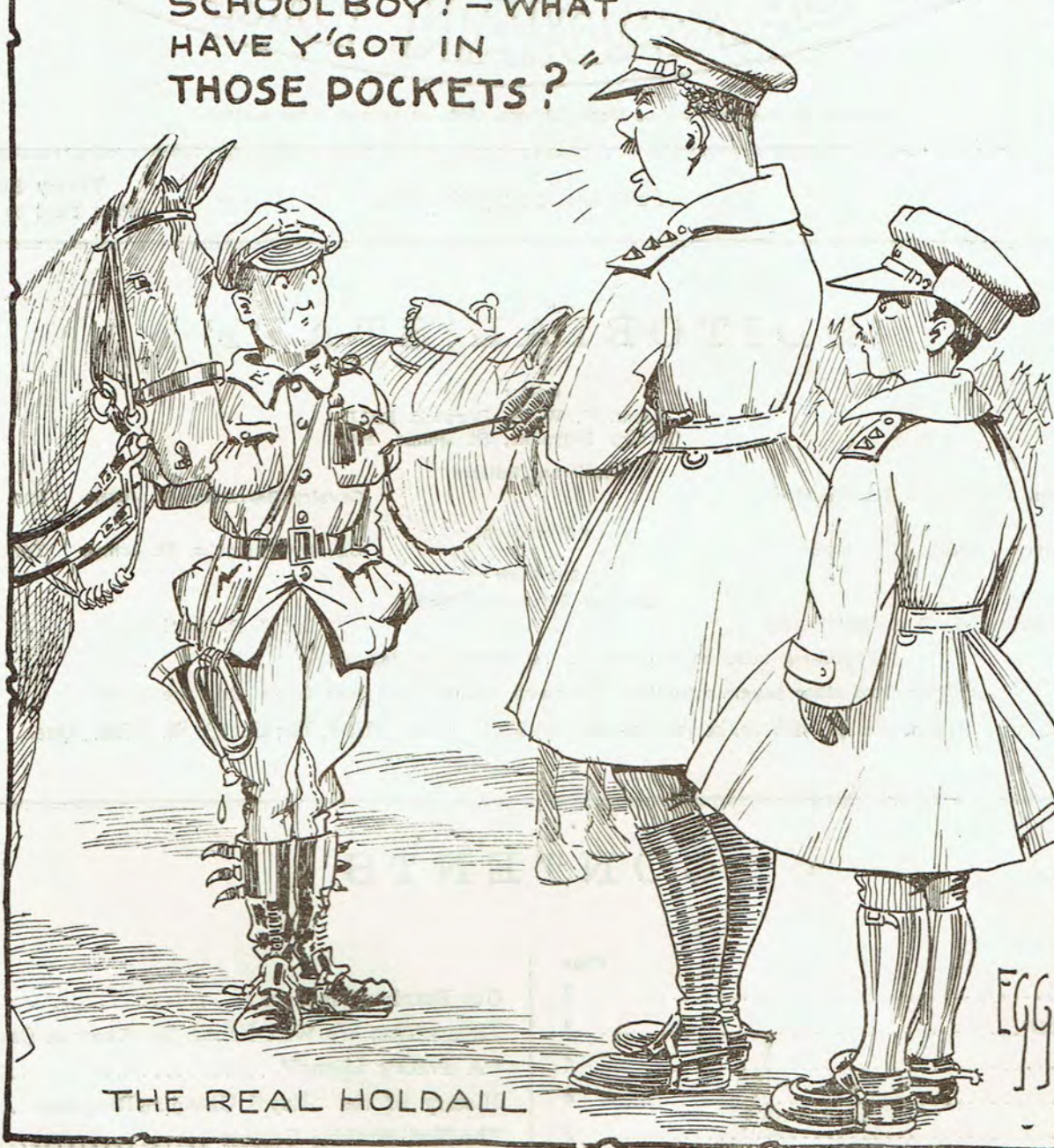
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WOE IN WOIGNARUE

"— AND YOU COME ON
PARADE LIKE A
BLANKETY BLANK
SCHOOLBOY!— WHAT
HAVE Y'GOT IN
THOSE POCKETS?"



THE REAL HOLDALL

Personal & Regimental

A very enjoyable dance given by the Royal Canadian Dragoon was held in the gymnasium at Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns October 22nd. A good crowd was in attendance, a thoroughly good time was had by all ranks, these dances are not held very often but when they are they always a great success. Those present were: Lt.-Col. E. L. Caldwell, and Mrs. Caldwell, Major M. H. A. Drury, Maj. V. Hodson, R.C.R., Capt. J. Wood, Lt. D. B. Buell, R. C.R., Lt. J. H. Larocque, Lt. E. W. H. Berwick, and Lt. W. Pope, R.C.R.

We are very glad to see Captain C. C. Mann in Barracks for a few days prior to his departure for New York, with the Canadian Army Team, Capt. L. D. Hammond, and Captain S. C. Bate, also have left for New York with the Team, and we wish them all the best of luck at New York, and later, at the Royal.

S.S.M. F. U. Harding, 'A' Squ. was a visitor during the month, and watched a few rehearsals of our Musical Ride. He is looking very fit, and said the Barracks looked very well.

We offer our congratulations to Lieutenant A. P. Ardagh, and Tpr. G. L. Norman, who were both successful in Course, No. 5 at the Central Camp School of Signals at Camp Borden this summer.

S.M.I. H. E. Karcher, M.M. is at present in Christie Street Hospital, suffering from an old ailment. We wish him a speedy recovery, and a quick return to duty.

We welcome back to 'B' Squadron Troopers J. M. Wolfe, and E. W. Douglas, who have returned to the "fold."

Tpr. R. H. Forsyth has taken his discharge this month. We wish him the best of luck in his venture into "civvy life."

As a tribute to a great soldier, a good sport, and a friend to all, a large number of representatives of 'B' squadron assembled in the Canteen for the purpose of saying good-bye and good luck to Corporal Thomas Duff, who after more than twenty-seven years Service was retiring to pension. The Canteen was full, and Tom was the centre of interest, when S.S.M.I., J. Copeland, D.C.M. who for so many years was Tom's S.S.M. called for order, and in a fitting speech, presented Tom with a magnificent gold watch, a gift from the other ranks of the Squadron. Too overcome for words, Tom took the chair but could not speak, as we saw him then, standing on the chair with the watch in his hand, we could not help but feel that here was a true soldier, and that he hated to leave us. Someone came to his aid, and called for three cheers for Tom, which were vociferously given, and then we all sang "For he's a jolly Good Fellow," Tom, shook hands with everyone, and kissed not a few, and then he was escorted out of the canteen and to his lodging.

And so, after a lifetime of service, Tom is reaping a just reward. If ever a soldier deserved one it was Duff. His Military life took him almost all corners of the Empire, and he was ever a familiar figure in Toronto's Military Life.

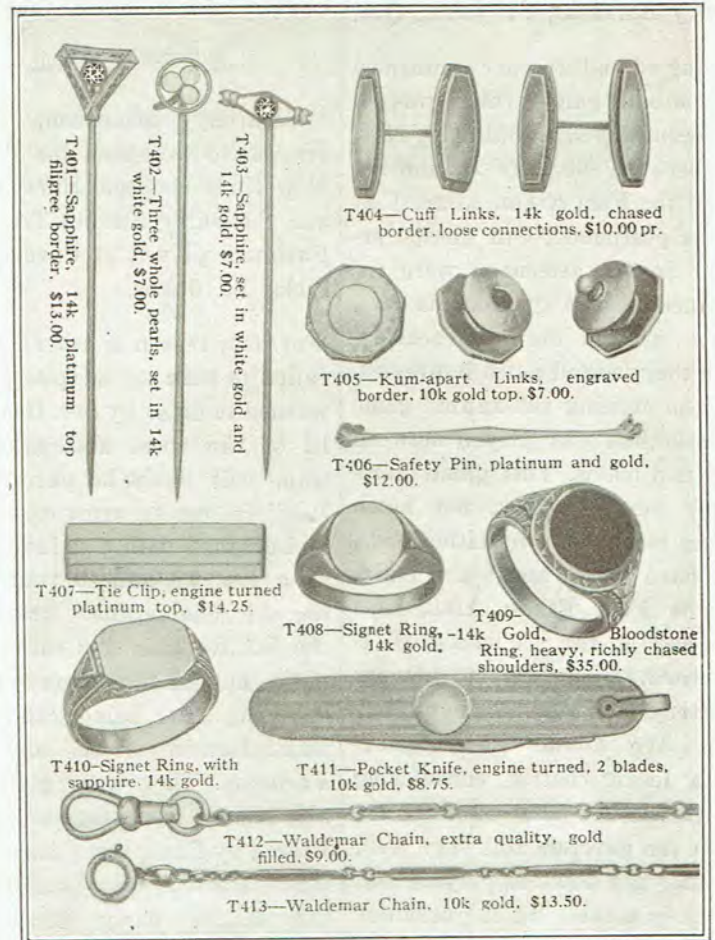
As we knew him, he was always ready with a complaint, "a soldiers privilege" he would say, but for all that he was as obliging as they come. To say that he will be missed, is to put the case mildly, perhaps he was the most familiar figure in Barracks, and we were so used to his presence that the place seems empty now that he has left.

Although we have had occasion to comment on his activities from time to time, we know that at heart he was always glad to be in the public eye, and we hope he will always remember his days in Stanley Barracks where he lived for so long.

Good-bye Tom, old Scout, and the very best of luck.

J. B. H.

GIFTS FOR MEN



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The following letter is published for the information of all Comrades:

To 'B' Squadron.

Royal Canadian Dragoons,
Dear Comrades.

I have asked the Editor to allow me sufficient space to offer you, one and all, farewell, and my most sincere thanks for the fitting send-off, and fine presentation you made me before I pulled "my hook." It has been almost impossible to thank you all personally, but you will have to take the will, here expressed for the deed. I would also like to say how much I appreciated the speech and wishes of "John D" my old Sergeant-Major who so kindly made the presentation.

Wishing him, and you all, long life, and Good Beer,

Your affectionate comrade,
(Signed) Tom Duff

Discipline is unwittingly man's best friend

Impartial though it be to whom it may rend,

Soldiers of Necessity come beneath its sway.

Civilians even feel its potency each day nigh unto death

Illness, death denotes the rod

Prompting suffers to turn in faith to God

Longing for nothing else than to expand

In preparation for the better land
Ne'er heeding mockery and ridicule

Expressed derisively by the sceptic school.

No. 3810' Q.M.S. D. W. Madge,
No. 4 district C.M.S.C., St. Johns Military Hospital.



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BASKETBALL

Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Que.

Owing to bad weather conditions the football game which was to have been played on Saturday Nov. 11th between the Garrison and the lads of the Fort Ethan Allan, U.S. A. was postponed. Our guests, arriving in the afternoon were entertained in the gymnasium and shown around the barracks by which they seemed much impressed.

In the evening the annual game of Basketball was played between these two teams. This game started off very evenly, not much scoring being done by either side. It is hard to say how much training the Fort Ethan Allan men have had as far as basketball is concerned, but it was very obvious that they had the edge on our team. We found hard but it was a losing battle, considering that this is the first game of the season the garrison did very well, once they got down to playing and into their stride. We'll guarantee to say that the scoring will be a little more even the next time. The game finished with a score 41-22 in favour of the Fort Ethan team. After this game both teams arrived back at barracks and after straightening themselves up adjourned back to the gymnasium where a smoker was held in honour of our guests.

An old woman had a parrot that swore and she struck on the idea of putting it on the same perch as the minister's bird which was reputed to be pious. The pair listened to what the birds would say to each other, and were quite patient as the parrots got acquainted, finally the old woman's parrot remarked "I wish that old devil was dead," and the other ejaculated "We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord."

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FOOTBALL

Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Que.

R.C.D. vs. R.C.R.

Saturday afternoon, October 4th was to have seen the P.M.B.S. Cup final between Hart Battery and the Barry Staines Team from Farnham played at Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns.

For some reason or other Farnham failed to turn up in spite of being warned to do so by Sec. George Ellis of the local association, this team will likely be put "On the Peg" (to use an army expression) and charged with a default. Never at a loss we had to turn to the old reliable, the "Drags" and the R.C.R. This was rather short notice but the boys were ready for anything after being rounded up and informed of the absence of Farnham. They were glad to be able to take advantage of a chance offered by this missing team. Chapman started the scoring for the R.C.R. early in the second half and held the lead to within ten minutes of time. Marshall (The blonde) did a bit of scoring on his own to even things up, from then on there was no further scoring.

The game, being played to a finish, the teams changed ends, the R.C.R. still pressing on and having a decided edge on the game. Wilkinson, center half for the R.C.R. received a nasty cut on the head when he crashed into Marshall, no relief was sent out so the R.C.R. continued to play one man short.

Towards the last half of the game Lawrence centered from left wing, Brier missed it and Lawrence followed it up into the net, thus bringing the game to an end with a score of 2-1 in favour of the R.C.D. Montreal League Secretary S. McKellar and Ex-president Jim Kieth who had come down with the express purpose of watching the P.M.B.S. were in attendance, W. H. S. Churchward president of the local association introduced Mr. Kieth to the players who after a short address presented the cup to the R.C.D. team, the referee for the game being W. Neithereut of St. Johns. We offer hearty congratulations to the winning team.

Quite a lot has been said about those old timers who served in the Royal Canadian Dragoons in former years and are now out in 'civvy' life, carrying on in various parts of the world.

How about those old timers who were serving in the Regiment at the outbreak of the war? who are still serving in the Regiment, are still carrying on as well as they did twenty years ago? There is no standing down to the youngsters yet. When one comes to look back on his life in the army, twenty years or more is long time, a life spent in serving the Regiment, and country.

A young man starting out on a career in the Army would probably say "Oh, it is not worth it." Is he right or is he wrong? Most decidedly he is wrong, what finer feeling could a man, have as he leaves the service after many years, than feeling that he has lived up to that 'Oath' solemnly taken twenty five or thirty years before.

The following is a list of those serving members who were in the Service at the outbreak of the Great War.

Lt.-Col. R. S. Timmis, D.S.O.
Lt.-Col. E. L. Caldwell,
Capt. G. F. Berteau,
Capt. L. D. Hammond,
Capt. J. Wood,
R.S.M. F. Wardell,
S.M.I. J. Dowdell,
S.M.I. H. Karcher,
S.M.I. T. A. Aisthorpe
R.Q.M.S. Hilton,
Q.M.S. W. T. C. Ellis,
F.S.M. A. Madden,
Q.M.S.I. F. Cox,
Q.M.S.I. J. Hallet,
S.M.I. T. King,
S.M.I. J. Copeland,
S.M. C. Sayger,
S/Sgt. E. Taylor,
S/Sgt. Inst. G. Simpkins,
Tpr. D. Gardener,
Tpr. H. Hazel.

"And so the world goes on, this is the 'Old Timers' speaking, and here's wishing you 'Good Luck.'"

Armistice day has come and gone, gone for another year, leaving most of us with sacred memories which we cherish in our

hearts of those who gave up their lives in the Great War.

True the weather was not all that it might have been Saturday morning found Armistice day in the grip of a heavy snow storm, still this did not prevent the Garrison at Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns from paying tribute.

Owing to a Memorial Service being held in the town the Garrison was unable to observe the usual two minutes silence in front of the Memorial clock as they have done in previous years.

At ten-thirty the parade fell in, in front of the clock where Maj. M. H. A. Drury, R.C.D explained the origin of the Tablet placed in France, the Tablet placed at Stanley Barracks, Toronto, and the Memorial clock placed at Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Que., The wreath was then placed on the Memorial Clock by Sergeant Hider, R.C.D.

The Garrison, all units turning out then marched down under the command of Major V. Hodson, R.C.R. and Major M. H. A. Drury, R.C.D, to the Cenotaph, in St Johns where a very impressive service was held, the two minutes silence being observed in a very impressive manner after being followed by the stirring notes of the Last Post and Reveille. Wreaths were laid on the Cenotaph by the Royal Canadian Dragoons, the Royal Canadian Regiment, Chapter 8 B.E.S.L. Canadian Legion, and many other organizations in the city.

The St. Johns Band, which is a great credit to the city, then headed the parade in the march past the Cenotaph, to which the "Eyes Right" was given as each unit marched by.

On Sunday morning all units and ranks at Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, again fell in for the Armistice Church Parade. The service which was held in St. James Garrison Church, was very fine and was conducted by the Rector, the Rev. C. Winch, who welcomed and introduced the Rev. D. V. Warner, M.A., O.B.E., rector of St Cypriens Church, Montreal. Rev. Warner who had been a chaplain overseas for the greater part of the war preached a very inspiring and fitting sermon.

Toronto Notes.

Our new D.O.C. inspected the Barracks during the month, and gave us a thorough looking over. Although the inspection was on 36 hours notice, the turn-out was exceptionally fine as usual.

Here and There.

For-give us puleese, for spoiling another issue.....but the agony won't last long.....winter is almost with us, and Tea Schools are flourishing throughout the Men's Quarters.....in the evening one can see recruits washing tea-pots, and mugs, while upstairs, older soldiers put kettles on and lay out tablecloths....and real old sweats flex the wrist preparatory to doing the honours, or "Pouring the Brew"....we wonder if our country cousins have a hockey team for us this year?.....furloughs are over, and there is a lot of new lining being worn in trousers.... Joe Willis returning from the Canteen after an hour and a half scrounge, and 1 (one) beer says "Oh for the Good Old Days".... Albert, recovering from an attack of Bonkus of the Konkus says that Officers and N.C.O's should be provided with megaphones to call their men at odd times....some of the men are already called at odd times, and some very odd names too...and we know of several who need a silencer, not megaphones (Paging Freddy Cox)..... Joe (H. G.) was up to borrow some ink and almost filled his pen with glue...."Come up and see us sometime" Joe to the tune of "Shuffle off to Buffalo".... to see Joe ambushing the mail orderly daily is indeed a lesson in Cavalry Tactics..... Little Joe (of the Trumpet-like Bass) spent his furlough looking into the Brewery Situation....and, bu-leeve us, sure went deep into

J. L. PINSONNEAULT,
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the matter.....Alfy (Hypotenuse) returned from furlough and "sat" for the first class exams....as he has threatened us with another dose of hypotenusing and mensuration we hope he gets bywe haven't heard from any Old Comrades' yet.....we hired nine assistant editors, and eleven assistant, assistant dos, and nary an item has come in to datewhere are the literary geniuses of yesterday?"and a great time at the Black Watch Dance..... someone christened Fergy with a can of paint.....was his face red?...yes, and so was the the paint.....we spotted the house detective following up the 'blud' stains, and he would have found the corpse, only Hughie had leftheard a nice little item about the Trooper (who owns a Fred,) and who went roller-skating.....he now drives everywhere....just everywhere Egbert, what column would be complete without reference to one so much in demand, has "bought himself a typewriter" as he puts it, and we are beginning to fear reprisals from that quarter, that is, if Eggy knows what the word means.....you don't mind owing called a "quarter" eh Egbertgand you should see the two little boys going to school, with satchels and everythingtis rumoured that Johnny from Hamilton, always takes teacher an apple.....with all this craving for higher learning, we are thinking of taking something ourselves....we have talent, and have done some pretty bits of interior decorating in the Canteen at odd times....Walter Winchell (Watt) is trying to claim Salvation Army service towards higher rate of paywhile George, who uses up what is left of the alphabet after Walter has signed himself threatens us with all sorts of punishment if his name appears in there volumes again.....hullo George, and hearty congratulations wonder what the Special Event was billed to occur while Al (you ought to know me) was on furlough....abaht a statement Al?...Blondie, Engineer agrees with Harry's views on Buffalo and points south,.....to judge by his many flying visits of late, it looks as if this platinum blond is popular somewhere....the other Joe (Willis to you) gave a brief informal talk on His Life and Works, one

night around 11.00 p.m. mostly about his Life at the Royal MewsYoung Bill, who aspires to be a polo player, thought that Royal Mews was the noise the Royal Cats made.... incidently, before we forget, it was he who went to a fancy dress ball, dressed in: riding breeches, rubber boots, blue and heliotrope sweater and polo hat, together with a polo stick....the judges, one of whom had been in the army, looked him over, and gave him the first prize as being the "most realistic stableman he had even seen".....was his face red?...we think this is enough for the month,....bear with us until next time, and....thenks.

J. B. H.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Who lost his 'at, at the Engineers' Dance?

Whether Willyam, the earstwhile Polo Player of no little merit, is going to play for Toronto this winter?

Whether 'Egbert' was ever in 'A' Squadron, and if so, why all the curiosity down there?

Whose afraid of the Big Bad "Wolfe"?

Whether Joe (Willis to you) wasn't referring to his life behind a bar (or bars) when he told us about the Royal Mews?

Was the "Relief of Mickey" on the Remounts a fair exchange? (The "Ruffs want to know the answer to this one.)

Whether Doug. Jr. really believes that the Army is his vocation, or does he mean vacation?

Whose going to win the Stanley Cup, Grand National, Allan Cup, O.R.F.U. Billiard Trophy and Proficiency Cup?

Whether everybody who reads this knows all the answers?

Jim

Major: "Who was present when Trooper Smack hit you?"

Cpl. "In the first place Sir, there was myself."

LETS GET Highbrow

By J. B. H.

A delightful tea was held in No. 8 room, on the occasion of the return from furlough of several of that room's occupants.

The room, which was tastefully decorated with Scout Tissue, and Old Star Weeklies presented an attractive appearance, while on the floor, and making a soft footing for those who choose to walk around examining the contents, were masses of Evening Telegrams. A bright log fire burned in the open grate, and cast a reflection of jollity on the evening's festivities.

L/Cpl. "Al." Price received, in a becoming ensemble reminiscent of stables, and with a Chinese Bath Robe, worn carelessly opened at the neck, to add a touch of dignity. He was assisted by Trumpeter 'Little Joe' Hobbs, who wore a smart outfit composed of beltless khaki slacks, with some fur on the bottoms, a maroon sweat shirt, and very low shoes to match.

Trooper 'Jock' Kennedy, poured tea, and the toast was artistically buttered by Trooper 'Al' Norman. The company was entertained by Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians, Bing Crosby, and Kate Smith; all by special permission of of Majestic Radio.

Among those present, and in order of importance were: The Writer, Messrs. Matthews, Stratton, Douglas, L/Cpl. "Fanny Parker, and many others of lesser importance.

We certainly enjoy these little formal gatherings, and it is rumoured that No. 8 room has started a vogue which is to be all the rage in Military Circles this coming winter.

A negro was the proud owner of a goat worth possibly \$-1.50, that is he was proud until he received a bill from the municipality in which his goat was assessed a tax of twenty dollars. Indignantly he made his complaint before the chairman of the board of assessors but what worthy supported the bill by showing him a copy of an old town by law reading "Property abutting on Main street shall be assessed at \$10 per front foot. This got Sam's goat.

Attending a banquet in the United States a visiting Englishman was much amused and struck by a toast to "Women" which was given as follows:

"Here's to the happiest hour of my life—

Spent in the arms of another man's wife.

My mother.

When he returned to England he resolved at a banquet given in his honour to make use of the reverse.—

"Here's to the happiest hours of my life," he proclaimed.

"Spent in the arms of another man's wife"

"And by Jove, I have forgotten who she was!"

AN R.C.D. THEME SONG

Down with the bootlegger
Up with the Law
Vote for Law enforcement
Rah, Rah, Rah,
Beer and Wine—never, never, never
Beer and Whiskey, both a curse!
I drink WATER, safety first.

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Annual Meeting 1933

The eighteenth annual meeting of the Canadian Cavalry Association was held at London Ontario on October 9th, and 10th 1933. Due to unforeseen circumstances, Lt.-Colonel R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., R. C.D. was unable to attend, and he was represented by Capt. L. D. Hammond, R.C.D.

The meeting this year was considered a great success, thanks to the Officer Commanding and Officers of the 1st Hussars. These gentlemen did their utmost to make all members attending the meeting feel that they were in the land of prosperity and good will.—A regular Cavalry Spirit. The writer congratulates most heartily Lt.-Colonel R. B. Crouch, V. D. O.C., 1st Hussars, the officers and honorary members for their assistance in making the eighteenth annual meeting of the Association the success it was, there was not one single detail forgotten.

As an expression of their appreciation, and in token of their esteem for the 1st Hussars, the Association presented a beautiful trophy to the officers, the first time the Association has so honored a Regiment. The meeting next year will be held at Peterborough, the home of the 3rd Prince of Wales Dragoons. May they have a meeting as happy as the London one, for if they do, they will certainly receive and earn the congratulations of all members of the Association.

The 1933 Canadian Cavalry Association Annual Meeting is now of the past, but—it will be remembered by many of us for many a year to come.

A full report of the meeting will be published in the Canadian Cavalry Association Journal in the very near future.

Major: "Hullo, old man, you look pretty stiff, have you been playing golf?"

Capt. "I wasn't playing, I only got the bath salts mixed with the corn starch, that's all!"

One hears a lot about rushing brides, but did you ever see one.

REMEMBRANCE DAY

"And thou shalt remember all the way the Lord thy God led thee Deut. viii 2."

You'll not forget the hallowed place

That one day gave you birth;
Nor those who long since left our borne

Who filled your youth with mirth
Sweet field and stream and mountain scene,

What memories thrill the soul,
As childhood, youth and manhood,
—all,
The years of youth recall!

Strange! Burdens of our lives then borne

With light and joy and ease,
Ah! now, we see and understand
How heavy yoke may please.

Fond memory traces back the years.

To Saints who knelt in prayer,
When, name by name, distinctly called

Round altar fires, with care.

Bright sunshine rare, and cloud have been

Real safeguards in our life,
To check, restrain, encourage, 'mid
The tumult and the strife.

This world has made it's heavy tolls

Of loans and gifts supreme;
Some sleep for aye in Flanders' field,
Where poppies red are seen.

Forget not those who one day cried
"Bear on our torch to win;
And halt not 'til earth's nations' all
Are brotherhood akin."

This, then, our task supreme to day

As never heretofore;
Arise O' men, gird up your souls
Fierce menace 's at your door.

The armour you are called to wear

Is His, Who once earth trod.
Of truth, of faith, of grace, of love,

The panoply of God.

May we be experts in this war
With armour thus arrayed;
This world shall then be won for Christ

He shall not be dismayed.

True gratitude shall fill all hearts
Who still in memory bleed,
Yea! only as His cross we bear
Are we free men indeed.

I. N.

St. Johns, Que.

November 11th, 1933.

HORSE OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS

In the Swedish Artillery Museum in Stockholm you can see a stuffed bay horse with a dark mane and tail.

This fine animal carried Gustavus Adolphus through many battles and at last followed the hearse of his master, when the gates of the Riddarholm Church opened to receive the dust of the great King the Defender of the Protestants.

The famous charger bore him in the battlefield of Brietenfield in 1631 and the pyrrhic victory of the Swedish Army at Lutzen on the 6th of November 1632. The saddle was Queen Maria Eleonora's last New Years Gift to her husband.

We do not know the name of the horse, nor where he came from, but we understand that he was a good and faithful companion, otherwise the King would not have used him so long in the thirty years war, where it was of importance for the General to have a strong steady and fine horse.

On the morning of the sixth of November however, the horse was restless and would not start. After the King's death this was considered an ominous circumstance.

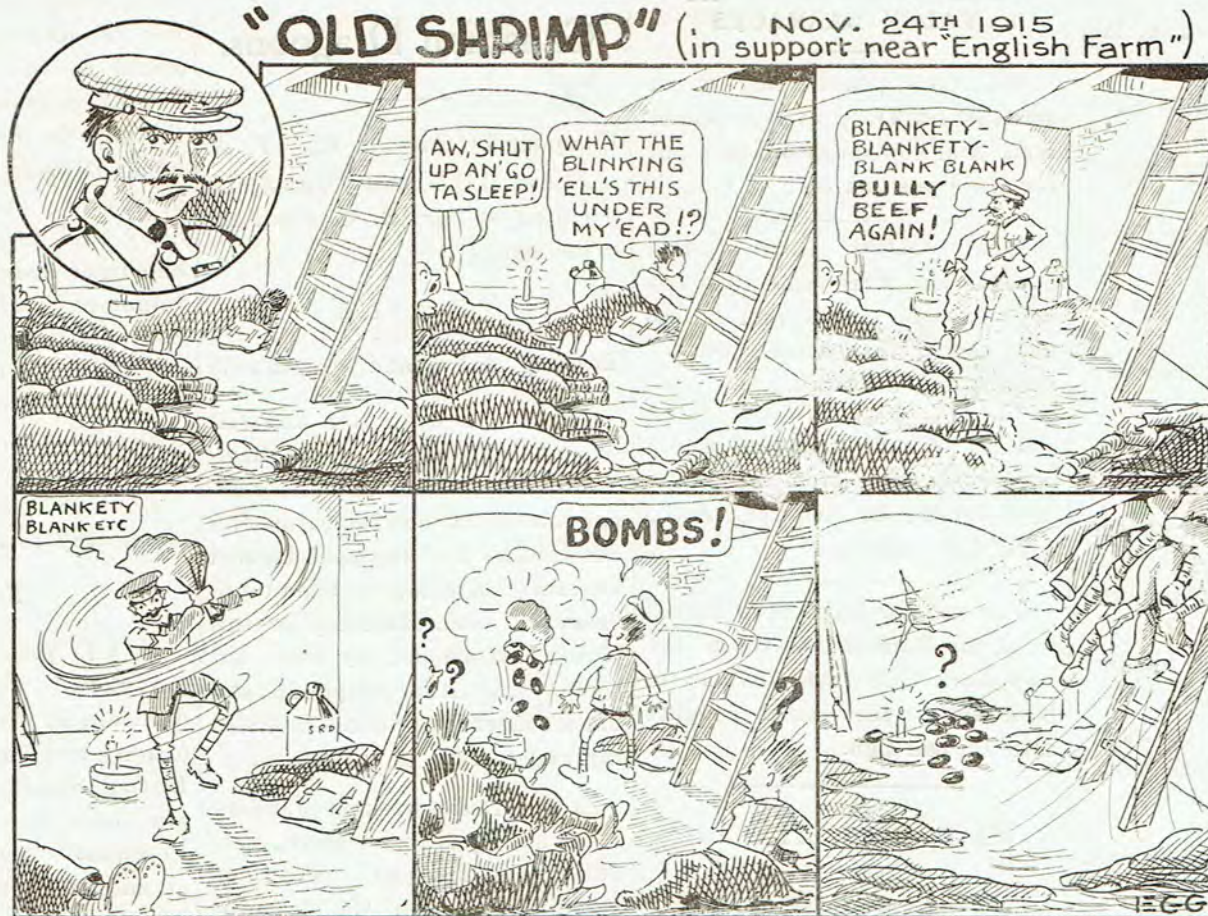
At the charge the King was hit by a ball and fell from the saddle, the horse was also wounded and ran off. The empty saddle warned the soldiers that their leader had fallen, inflaming them to revenge.

This fine charger appeals to all that have seen him, reminding us of the gratitude that we owe the thousands of horses that have been man's useful in wars and in peaceful work. At the same time he is a glorious example of a faithfulness and endurance that are rare even among men.

K. S.

1st Trooper: I'm not paid for what I do, I'm paid for what I know.

2nd Trooper: "Yes, I've got something on the Sergeant too."



Memoirs of General Denison.

Br'g-General S. A. Denison, C. M.G. has written his memoirs, from which the following anecdotes are taken:

"During the annual training camp of the militia in our command, at old Niagara-on-the-Lake, I was talking one morning to the brigadier of the cavalry brigade, the late Colonel Hamilton Merritt, when a young officer cantered past us, about a quarter of a mile away. I at once said to Merritt, 'Who in the world is that officer with a perfect seat?' On hearing the reply, 'I don't know,' I said, 'I soon will,' and cantered after and reached him just as he had dismounted at the lines of the Royal Canadian dragoons. I immediately said to him 'Where did you learn to ride. In the Northwest Mounted Police,' he said. My next question was, 'What are you doing here?' and on being told that he had just been appointed to the Dragoons I said 'I am glad to learn that they will now have, at least, one officer in that corps that can ride.' This officer is the present chief of the

Canadian General Staff, General McBrien.

"After Last Post, somewhere in Flanders, a sentry challenged a party approaching his post and on receiving the reply, 42nd Highlanders, 'sail. 'Pass 42nd Highlanders, all's well. On the approach of a second party, the reply came, 14th East Staffords, to which the sentry said, 'Pass 14th East Staffords all's well'; but when the third party arrived it, to the challenge, 'Halt, who goes there,' replied 'What the hell has that got to do with you?' the sentry with commendable perception says, 'Pass Canadian, all's well.'

"When General Simcoe came out to Canada in 1722, as governor of Upper Canada, (now Ontario), my great-grandfather, with his wife and children, accompanied him with the object of settling in the country.

"When at Newark (now Niagara-on-the-Lake) at that time the capital of the province, General Simcoe decided to make the place now called Toronto the capital, and my forefather decided to settle there. The general was proposing to call this new town Dublin, when my progenitor promptly said, 'If

you do, I can't live there, and on being asked what he would like it called, said, 'Call it York and I will end my days there with pleasure,' and he did."

"Commodore De Horsey while in Jamaica had a similar experience, in approaching a sentry without knowing the countersign. On telling the colored sentry at his sentry-box that he had forgotten it but that he was Commodore De Horsey, the sentry said 'I don't care whether you are Commodore De Horsey or Commodore de Donkey you no know, the counter sign in the box you go.'

And then there was the Scotchman who could always hold his liquor no matter how many people asked him for it.

A WISE HORSE

From Animal Life

A horse in Cleveland, Ohio, it is reported went through the town without a driver, stopping for red lights, and proceeding when they flashed green and did not break a single traffic ordinance. A similar display of Horse sense on the part of many motorists would make the streets and highways much safer says "The Christian Science Monitor."

It is strange that it is so often the humans that are dumb, and the animals realize that law is law.

Boss: "Does he know anything about electricity?"

Foreman: "No, he is so dumb that he asked me what kind of a nut goes with a thunderbolt."

Officers and men

support an old comrade by purchasing your drugs and toilet articles at

REGNIER'S Drug Store

Richelieu St.

Phone 582

St. Johns

OUR EMPIRES FREEDOM

Was it not for our freedom, that
men have died.

So that you and I with our Empire
abide

And through her struggles and
her strife

We must be prepared to give our
life,

For our life, like Architecture or
like war

We must do like those who have
gone before.

It's war's new horrors, that we
must see,

To make all friends, and no ene-
mies.

For now our forefathers are dead
and gone

They've left you and me to carry
on.

So if its to be on land or sea
Let us keep the pace with huma-
nity.

For as we look back to those dark
years

And think of those that we loved
so dear

It's those who for our Empire have
died

That we owe for all our Empire's
pride,

So with that pride that we so
adore

Lets not forget those who have
gone before.

Our Lord, who laid the cornersto-
ne,

On which our Empires built

It is He that watches over us, to
see that none is spilt.

When in war, it's He that sees that
we are carried through

And for those who died for our
Empire Pride

That they are cared for to.

So as loyal as you may seem to be
To both your King and Country

It's only what you owe, you see,
To the men who fell for your li-
berty,

And remember whether on land or
water

Or whether an Empire's son or
daughter

It is up to you, it is up to me.

To keep our British Empire free.

H. C. ROWE, 'A' R.C.D.

And there was the recruit who
thought that a lump sum was
something collectible from an ac-
cident Insurance Company.

THINGS THAT WE WOULD
LIKE TO KNOW AT CA-
VALRY BARRACKS

Will these pea-shooting enthu-
siasts in 1st Troop ever be Marks-
man. And how much did they pay
for their pea-shooters?

What N.C.O. claims that
once he had more sense than mo-
ney? Now he claims that he has
more money than sense. (Oh, oh,
nothing like the truth.)

What "Ghandi" received in that
mysterious letter from Montreal,
on November 7th. We wonder who
could have sent it?

Who was the N.C.O. who walked
from the Capitol Theatre to the
New York Cafe with his hat on
backwards the other night?
That's a bad sign.

"A POILU'S LITANY"

"Nothing to Worry About"

You have two alternatives: Either
you are mobilized or you are not
If not you have nothing to worry
about.

If you are, you have two altern-
atives: Either you are in camp or
at the front. If you are in camp,
you have nothing to worry about.

If you are at the front, you have
two alternatives: Either you are in
reserve or you are on the fight-
ing line. If you are in reserve you
have nothing to worry about.

If you are on the fighting line,
you have two alternatives: Either
you scrap or you don't. If you
don't you have nothing to worry
about.

If you do, you have two alter-
natives: Either you get hit or you
don't. If you don't you have noth-
ing to worry about.

If you do, you have two alterna-
tives: Either you get slightly hurt
or you get badly hurt. If slightly
hurt, you have nothing to worry
about.

If badly, you have two alterna-
tives: Either you recover or you
don't. If you recover, you have
nothing to worry about. If you
don't and have followed my ad-
vice clear through, you have done
with worry forever.

Better is the end of a thing than
the beginning thereof; and the pa-
tient in spirit is better than the
proud in spirit.

History of the Royal
Canadian Dragoons.

Compiled by the late Maj. T. A.
James, R.C.D. and verified and
edited by Mr. R. C. Feathers-
tonaugh.

Part VI

Training in England (Continued)

Clouds of dust rose and fell
during the march of the Regi-
ment's detachments on October 18,
but rain set in soon thereafter and
for months the Regiment trained
faithfully in a sea of almost un-
believable mud. Hardship in this
period was avoided by none, but
there was little complaint and
much cheerful devotion to train-
ing and to care of the horses.

In the first week in January
1915, all Squadrons moved into
billets at Tilshead, Shrewton,
Maddington and Winterbourne
Stoke. A month later, on February
4th, the Canadian Division was
inspected at Kingston Down by
His Majesty the King; an order
dated January 30th, having pre-
viously brought into being the
Canadian Cavalry Brigade, com-
posed of the Royal Canadian Dra-
goons, the Royal Canadian Horse
Artillery, Lord Strathcona's Horse
(Royal Canadians) and the 2nd
King Edward's Light Horse, un-
der the command of Brig.-Gen. the
Right Honourable J. E. B. Seely,
D.S.O. Arriving to assume com-
mand. General Seely noted that he
"found the R.C.D. and L. S. H.
quite undismayed by the miser-
able conditions in which they were
living," though "even in Fland-
ers I had not seen such a sea of
mud."

Early in March after the depart-
ure of the 1st Canadian Division
from England for France, the Can-
adian Cavalry Brigade, which the
2nd King Edwards Horse had now
joined, moved to Maresfield Park
Sussex, where, as part of the Home
Defence Force, it took part in a
series of defence schemes and a
period of intensive training, during
which General Seely came to the
conclusion that "more loyal and
devoted soldiers no man ever
commanded."

Summoned to the War Office
after the Second Battle of Ypres,
General Seely was asked by the

British Secretary of State for
War, Field Marshal Lord Kitche-
ner of Khartoum, if his troops
would be willing to proceed to
France dismounted, to help fill
the gaps in the ranks of the Can-
adian Division that the fighting
at Ypres had caused. General
Seely said they would but Lord
Kitchener insisted that they must
volunteer. Confidently, General
Seely returned to Maresfield
and called for volunteers, as Lord
Kitchener had ordered Every man
responded and, to quote General
Seely's book "Adventure" —
"within 48 hours the Brigade was
on its way to France."

France

At 6.15 p.m. on May 4th 1915
the Royal Canadian Dragoons,
dismounted, with a strength of 29
officers and 469 other ranks, left
Buxted, Sussex, by train and in a
few hours sailed for France from
Folkstone. Arriving at Boulogne
at midnight, the Regiment went
into bivouac under Baluchi shel-
ters at St. Martin's Camp. Proceed-
ing on the night of May 6th, the
Regiment on the morning of May
7th reached Merris, Belgium,
where the Canadian Cavalry Bri-
gade joined the 1st Canadian Di-
vision, which was to attack at Fes-
tubert, and the Royal Canadian
Dragoons, carrying out these ord-
ers reached and occupied billets
at Long Cornet on the La Bassee
Canal on May 20th.

Next day, 'A' Squadron, was at-
tached to the 13th Battalion, Roy-
al Highlanders of Canada, for in-
struction in trench routine, and
moved into the line at 6.40 p.m. No
casualties had been suffered when
the Squadron was relieved at 3
a.m. on May 23rd; but as a re-
sult of a reconnaissance East of
Festubert village the Canadian
Cavalry Brigade won its first de-
coration in the Great War, Lieut.
Codville, Royal Canadian Dra-
goons, being awarded the Military
Cross.

Festubert

On May 24th, the Regiment re-
ported to the 2nd Canadian In-
fantry Brigade and marched to
support positions in the Old Brit-
ish front line trenches half a mile
East of Festubert and there re-
mained until 8.10 p.m. on May
25th, when 'A' and 'B' Squadrons
moved into the front line trenches

L2 K5 and 'C' Squadron into trenches K3 to K5. Shelling was heavy before and after the move and the unit suffered its first casualties, 2 other ranks being killed, and Major D. D. Young and 10 other ranks wounded.

In addition to suffering its first losses, the Regiment acquired its first experience in attack, when bombing party of 20 men under Lt. R. S. Timmis, was ordered to capture a trench leading North from K5. The bombs used on this occasion, of the improvised 'jam-tin' variety, were uncertain, in their action, but the party made good use of them and successfully reached its objective. Gas was introduced into some of the bombs and is believed that this attack marked the first use of gas by any unit of the Allied armies.

Previous to the bombing attack Sergeant Holliwell had crawled forward from the trench occupied by 'A' Squadron to rescue a Canadian soldier who had fallen, shot through both thighs, three days before. Sergeant Holliwell, was killed while gallantly striving to bring the wounded man in; but Corporal Pym succeeded in the task and earned the Distinguished Conduct Medal in reward. Later, he was commissioned in the British Army and was killed in action.

All day on May 26th the Regiment remained in the front line enduring shelling, which killed one man and wounded 18, and suffering in addition from intense heat, which induced burning heat aggravated the dreadful smell of bodies decomposing by thousands in the sun. In front of K1, Gen. Seely writes, was the "only place I have ever seen a complete parapet, elaborately built up for a hundred yards or more, composed of dead bodies."

Action in such surroundings, under rifle and machinegun fire from three sides and heavy shell fire constituted a severe test for the Regiment in its first experience in the line, but all ranks acquitted themselves well and even succeeded by persistent rifle fire in inflicting casualties on the enemy. 'B' Squadron was particularly successful in this respect, killing a number of Germans, who sought to retire, and contributing to fire which forced an enemy officer and a party of his men to surrender to the Post Office Ri-

fles on the right. Later, at 10 p. m. the Regiment was relieved by a Battalion of the 3rd Canadian Infantry Brigade.

General Alderson's Address

Soon after its return to billets following participation in the Battle of Festubert, the Canadian Cavalry Brigade was addressed by Major-General E. A. H. Alderson, G.O.C., the 1st Canadian Division who thanked the men for volunteering to re-inforce his Division at a time of need and for their devoted service in the Festubert engagement. He said that, as he had known some of them in South Africa and had known the units to which they belonged, he had had no hesitation in employing them, despite their inexperience in trench warfare, when the situation so demanded, and they had repaid in the manner he had expected the confidence he had placed in them. He added a message of congratulations from the G.O.C., the First Army which included a similar message from Field Marshal Sir John French, the Commander in Chief.

Givenchy 1915

Having had a few days to refit after the Battle of Festubert, the Royal Canadian Dragoons moved on June 1st to Le Préol, on the La Bassée Canal, as reserve to the 2nd Infantry Brigade, which was conducting operations at Givenchy. The Regiment took no part in the actual attacks on this occasion, but was employed under fire in various arduous tasks, in the carrying out of which it suffered casualties, including Private Kelly, a popular and faithful member of 'B' Squadron, who was killed by a shell fragment on June 5th.

After Givenchy

From June 6th to 12th, the Regiment was in billet at Le Quesny, an incident marking the period when the bicycle of a man who was in an estaminet was lifted by a salvo of shells and deposited, almost undamaged, on the cross-arm of a telegraph pole. It was hard to convince the owner of the machine, who arrived soon after the German shells, that some practical joker was not responsible for his bicycle's unwonted elevation.

On June 17th the Regiment moved to Le Préol, as reserve to the

1st Canadian Infantry Brigade; and on the 4th the men carried forward to the 3rd Canadian Battalion Lee-Enfield rifles to replace the Ross rifles with which the day was also marked by the arrival of a draft of 154 other ranks, under Lt. T. R. G. Newcomen.

Next day, June 11th, the Regiment moved forward to cover the South bank of the La Bassée Canal, near Vauxhall Bridge and Cuinchy; and at 9.20 p.m. 'B' Squadron reported to the 3rd Canadian Battalion in the Orchard, Givenchy, to act as support.

On June 16th the Regiment including 'B' Squadron, which had returned at 5 a.m. moved forward and at 8.15 p.m. was ordered by the 1st Canadian Infantry Brigade to attack from a trench position known as Duck's Bill. Ten minutes later the attack was postponed and at 8.35 p.m. it was cancelled.

Casualties on June 15th and 16th totalled 1 officer and 16th other ranks wounded, some additions to this number being made in the period from June 17th to 22nd when the Regiment provided working and covering parties in the forward and suffered the losses that such labour under desultory shell, rifle and machine-gun fire almost always involves.

La Bassée

On June 23rd the Regiment relieved Lord Strathcona's Horse (Royal Canadians) in front line and support trenches North of the La Bassée Canal, with 'B' and 'C' Squadrons in the front line and 'A' Squadron in support. There was light shelling on the 23rd and on the 24th, but few casualties occurred and the Regiment was able to carry out satisfactorily its trench routine. Lt. General E. A. H. Alderson visited the unit in the line on June 24th and at night the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards arrived to relieve. On completion of the relief at 9 p.m. the Royal Canadian Dragoons assembled in Le Préol and marched to billets in Bethune.

Messines

Leaving Bethune on June 26th, the Regiment proceeded by night marches and reached huts about one mile South of Neuve Eglise on June 28th. Next night, the unit relieved the 5th Canadian Battalion in trenches near Messines.

Wulverghem Road. All Squadrons moved into front trenches and there remained for three days. It was a quiet sector nevertheless 2 men had been killed and nearly a dozen wounded when relief was carried out by the King Edward's Horse on the night of July 2nd.

Trench Warfare

Throughout July, August and September 1915, the Royal Canadian Dragoons alternately held positions in the line and moved back into billets, usually at the end of a 4 day front line period. Shelling was sometimes brisk and casualties mounted steadily, as, for example, during the tour from July 10th-14th when one officer and 7 other ranks were wounded. Ration Farm, La Plus Douce Farm, Aldershot Huts, Westhof Farm, Neuve Eglise, Stinking Farm, Red Lodge and Courte Drevé are names that recall varied memories of this period. Plus Douce Farm with Captain Bairnfather's inimitable drawing on its white washed walls; Ration Farm where 'B' Squadron Leader's morning bath was rudely interrupted by shells; Neuve Eglise where the Regiment was addressed by Sir Robert Borden; and Red Lodge where the unit stood late in September, prepared, should orders arrive, to take part in the Battle of Loos.

Three months these without event that will bulk imposingly in the history of the Great War but memorable none the less to the Royal Canadian Dragoons as months in which much arduous work was accomplished; in which a not inconsiderable number of comrades suffered death or wounds; and in which was gained experience that was to prove of very genuine value in the future.

Seely's Force

On October 3rd the Canadian Cavalry Brigade and the Canadian Mounted Rifles were formed temporarily into "Seely's Force" in order to take over a new Brigade Sector of the trenches. The Regiment on this day marched by way of Neuve Eglise to Lindenhoeck and on October 4th marched to Ridgewood Dugouts about one mile East of Dickebusch. The 3rd C.M. R., less one Squadron, was placed under command of the O.C., R.C. D. and with the Dragoons formed

the force reserve. From October 5th to 8th, Ridgewood Dugouts were occupied and work on the trenches was carried out each day. On the night of the 8th, the 4th Canadian Infantry Brigade arrived to relieve Seely's Forces, which was then dissolved.

Autumn 1915

At about 12.30 a.m. on October 9th, the Regiment left Ridgewood Dugouts and marched to Meteran remaining in billets there until the morning of October 14th, when it marched to La Clytte, Belgium. From La Clytte, working parties to the line near Vierstraat and Voormezele were provided. From that time until November 19th, the Regiment moved between La Clytte and Mount Kokerele near Bethune, France.

When the train drew into the station of a certain town and all the windows opened to catch a breath of fresh air, an innocent looking man appeared around the corner of the station carrying a basket on his arm, hurrying to the window of a smoking compartment he exhibited a black quart bottle which he had taken from the basket and with a knowing wink said "Any Gent like to buy a bottle of nice cold tea?"

He sold every bottle but concluded each sale with 'Better wait until the train has pulled out before you take a drink you know as I don't want any trouble.'

The train pulled out and the man was making off when an observant bystander asked him why he had requested the purchasers to wait before taking a drink?

Because "said he with a sly wink" Them bottles all contained ice-cold tea."

I'll never forget the night that you proposed" said a wife to her Hubby one night, "You acted like a fish out of water."

"Yes" said the remorseful Hubby, "I was a sucker."

1st N.C.O. "What did the phrenologist say when he felt that bump on your head."

2nd N.C.O. "He said I was a chap who did not get along very well with my wife."

THE MAD MACHINE GUNNER

If you ever go to Vickers to the north of Tripod legs,

You will find a cross-head joint pin upside down,

There a broken-hearted gib tends the grave of belts complete, And the tumbler gazes backward with a frown.

He was known as fuzee spring, by the asbestos packing spring.

By the fixing pin and fuzee chain as well,

But for all the spare part bags, He was wrapped in oily rags

And the clearing plug looked down on him as well.

The rod connecting and side lever worked quite loose upon the sleeve

And the attachment muzzle put there in its stead

With the bearing of the bracket worked the No. 2 packet,

And the No. 1 got shot right through the head.

We had nearly filled the gun when arrangements had begun

To elevate the cover with the pawl So he wrote and asked the hand wheel what the barrel case would do

In the fixing pin was just a wee bit small.

Now if you wait a while you will see the direction dial

Explaining to the sockets all the fun.

And how thugly bulge in the barrel of the gun

Bent straight to the command of No.1

If you had any sense you would use a steam condense

To do the work and keep the old tube clean

For underneath the cover you would the lock discover,

With a belt boss where a bullet should have been.

The above is from the Regimental Journal of the South Wales Borderers, and is reproduced from "Bugle Notes" by Eric Acland.

Christmas is coming "says a headline in a weekly paper. The common opinion in pessimistic haunts is that there is nothing to stop it.

The Victory of the Falkland Island.

By the courtesy of 'The Veteran'

The affair off Coronel put the heads of the British navy upon their mettle, and within forty days it was followed by a counter-stroke, complete and effective. Silently and with steady determination, preparations were made to deal with the "Scharnhorst" and her companions; and the man who was entrusted with the work was Vice-Admiral Sir F. C. Doveton Sturdee.

To the east of the southern portion of South America lies the British group known as the Falkland Islands. Due east of the large island called East Falkland, Sturdee's squadron came within sight of Von Spee's cruisers, the British admiral having been helped in finding the "quarry" by the clever wireless signalling of a lady and her servants who lived on the islands, and who were afterwards presented with valuable gifts by the British Admiralty as some slight acknowledgement of their timely help.

After the battle off Coronel, the "Glasgow" along with the battleship "Canopus" had put into the harbour of the Port Stanley, in East Falkland. The former vessel had been damaged, but she was quickly repaired; and when Admiral Sturdee arrived from home, she took her place in his squadron, her officers and men being eager to do things right with the Germans. It was reported that Von Spee's squadron was going to make a raid on the Falklands, but when he came round Cape Horn he found awaiting him eight British ships of war and so far as we know, this was a complete surprise to him.

At about half-past nine in the morning the "Gneisenau" and the "Nurnberg" drew near to Port Stanley Harbour with their guns trained on the wireless station. Between them and the harbour was a long low stretch of land running eastward, behind which lay the "Canopus." The surprise of the Germans must have been great when they were met by a smart fire across this low-lying land at

a range of about six miles! The two ships stopped, considered, and turned away, hoisting their colours however, as they did so. About the same time the "Invincible" sighted other hostile ships between nine and ten miles distant; and in a short time the British squadron was moving from the harbour towards the enemy's five ships, which could be plainly seen to the south-east. The day was fine, with a calm sea, a bright sun, a clear sky, and a light breeze from the north-west.

The British vessels at once began a chase in extended order, and the hearts of our men must have been deeply stirred by the admiral's simple signal, "God Save the King!" One of the signallers afterwards wrote: "It was taken up and flung far and wide through space by each of the fleet in turn, until it seemed as though it would never cease. I consider it a privilege to have been one of the few to bear the signal." A little after noon Admiral Sturdee came within suitable range of the five enemy ships, and decided to attack with the "Invincible," the "Inflexible," and the "Glasgow." How the officers and crew of the last-named vessel had longed for this happy moment!

The signal was given, "Open fire and engage the enemy," and the "Inflexible" began the battle, followed a few minutes later by the "Invincible." This firing was at a range of about nine miles—no opportunities for boarding here, cutless in teeth, and pistols in both hands!—but the British gunnery was so good that three of the German ships turned away. Then the "Glasgow" with "Cornwall" and the "Kent," gave chase.

The "Invincible" engaged the enemy's flagship, the "Scharnhorst," and the "Inflexible" the "Gneisenau," the fight being a running one, and the range varying from about eight to nine miles. Before long the German flagship took fire, lost one of her funnels, and slackened her firing. "the effect of our fire," writes Admiral Sturdee, "became more and more apparent in consequence of smoke from fires, and also escaping steam. At times a shell would cause a large hole to appear in her side, through which could be seen a dull red glow of flame." Yet



Dear Sir...



10 for 10c.
20 for 20c.
25 for 25c.

—and in flat tins of
fifty and one hundred.

If you're looking for something extra appealing in cigarettes just try **Turrets**. They're always sweet and mild . . . outstanding for quality and satisfying goodness. Turret Cigarettes are made from pure, sun-ripened tobacco—made to satisfy. That's why they're so popular.

Save the Poker Hands

T **Quality and Mildness**
Turret
CIGARETTES

the German kept grimly on with her work.

The "Gneisenau" now gamely faced the "Invincible" and the 'Inflexible,' but about 5 o'clock she lost one funnel and was on fire in several places. She continued, however, to reply to the British gunners with a single gun, until, an hour later, she suddenly heeled over and sank. Here is an entry in the diary of one of her officers: "1.10, Hit, hit! 5.13, Hit! 5.14, Hit, hit, hit again! 5.20, After turret gone. 5.40, Hit, hit! On fire everywhere, 5.41, Hit, Hit! Burning everywhere and sinking. 5.45 Hit! Men dying everywhere, 5.46 Hit, hit!"

—The Duckboard.

REMEMBRANCE DAY

Remember, Remember, the 11th of November, the 5th is now of the past.

Evil minded Guy Fawkes was very annoyed that he did not succeed with his blast

Munitions during the murderous war killed our heroes off by the host.

Effetely old Guy made a little dust fly, fly in Parliament vault at the most.

Men, Women and Children now mourning in grief who are very sadly forlorn

Bend your heads in two minutes silent respect on this Anniversary morn.

Remember the valourous deeds of the dead, winning Medals and Crosses galor

Achievements of which to be verily proud by Heroes who now are no more

Never let the time come for your hearts to grow numb, your appreciation to fail.

Commence with indifference and in less than a year it might make the Memory stale.

Every widow and orphan so sadly bereaved with many and many, a tear.

Demands that the brave shall still be extolled in every successive year.

A hero who lays down his life for a just and an excellent cause. You will not be allowed to forget even one brief year's pause.

3810 D. W. Madge, No. 4 District
C.M.S.C.
St. Johns Military Hospital

N.C.O. "You know, I'm funny, I always throw myself into anything that I undertake."

Sweet young thing: "That's great' why don't you dig a well?"

The City of Mecca.

Strange Ming'ing of East and West In Holy City

The Wahibi hostilities against King Hussein of the Hedjaz, which resulted recently in the capture of the holy city of Mecca and the abdication of King Hussein, once again illustrated that disunion, with epidemic outbreaks of inter-tribal warfare, to which Arabia is doomed by its conditions, natural and otherwise, writes Anthony Clyne.

The hereditary and religious hatred of the Wahibis for the people of the Hedjaz, scorned as 'dogs of infidels,' because they make offerings to the tombs of the deceased saints, smoke tobacco, drink coffee and generally ignore the elaborate prohibitions of the Wahibi's creed, was intensified by British patronage of the venerable King Hussein the elevation of his second son as king of Iraq and his third as emir of Transjordan and his assumption of the title of caliph.

Especially was it intensified by the strange blend of eastern tradition and custom with western science and progress introduced by King Hussein, calculated to outrage their Puritanic prejudices more perhaps than outright desertion of the faith.

King Hussein was an absolute monarch, lacking nothing of the dignity and state of an oriental autocrat. He preserved all the traditional ceremonial, never, for example, inviting the most honored guest or trusted sheikh to his table, but eating alone in august seclusion.

Yet he had at Mecca a powerful wireless station, reserved, however, entirely for official use, to convey his instruction and rebukes to the subordinate rulers of his domains. The holy city has a telephone system, but King Hussein insisted that his number should be "No. 1 Mecca" and that every other telephone instrument should be automatically disconnected when the receiver of his instrument was removed, lest there should be an eavesdropper of the royal conversation or his dignity should be wounded by the reply, "Number engaged, please call again."

Mecca is "haram" or forbidden believed by the pious to be situated exactly beneath the throne

of Allah and guarded by the angels, and it still means death for the "kaar" or infidel to be detected within its precincts.

It is probably even more difficult to-day for a non-moslem to penetrate to the holy city of millions of Moslems, toward which their heads are bowed at the hour of prayer, than it used to be, owing to the stricter precautions and the greater number of spies.

Only about ten infidels during the last hundred years have succeeded in visiting it, all disguised and running great risk of assassination at the hands of the faithful in the event of exposure. As when Sir Richard Burton made the pilgrimage as a moslem tyrant, the inhabitants of Mecca, still subsist by exploiting pilgrims, and the uncontrollable Bedouins outside the city harass and rob the caravans or exact heavy dues as the price of freedom from molestation.

Yet Mecca has an efficient postal service and an excellent weekly paper, of which King Hussein himself was editor-in-chief. Such is the strange mingling of East and West, old and new.

A minister, who was very deaf, was anxious to introduce a new Hymn Book to the Congregation and had directed the curate to give out a notice about it immediately after the sermon, the curate started with a memo of his own: "Those who have children, they wish to have baptized will please send their names to the rectory" whereupon the rector rose and added smilingly "And I wish to say for the benefit of those who haven't any that they may be obtained from me any day between three and four o'clock, the ordinary little ones at fifteen cents each, and the special ones with red backs at twenty five cents apiece"

When a certain private went on leave he got married to a twin. When it became known that the twin sisters were alike as two peas the boys asked him how he could tell which was which. "Well, blushed the private "They're a nice family, you know, and I never bother very much."

We acknowledge with thanks The Canadian Veteran and the Stratheonian.

Letters to the Editor.

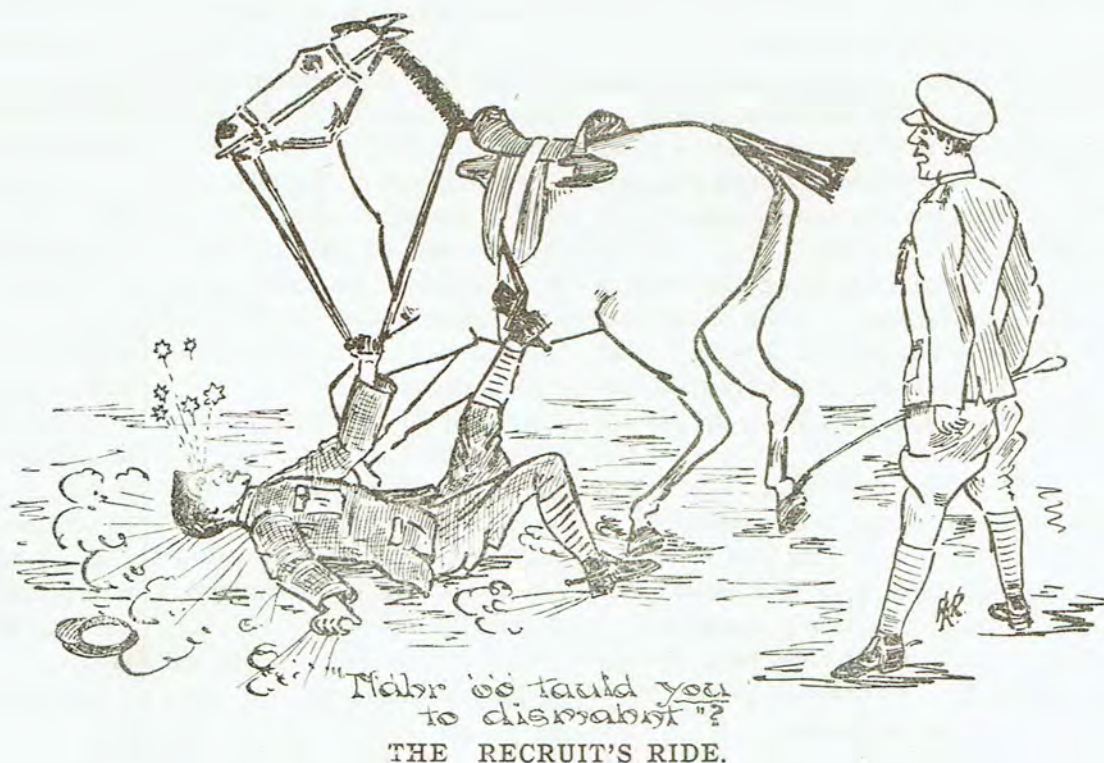
The following is an extract of a letter received from ex-R.S.M. C. D. Churchward of London, Ont., who has lately been visiting England and France.

Last summer in company of my wife and two boys we visited England and France on a two months tour. At Quebec Station we were met by ex-S.M. F. Ackerman who had made all arrangements for our comfort during our two and a half days stay. The same evening we were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ackerman in their new home which was very cosy. The S.M. is looking and feeling very fit, in fact he has gained in weight. The next day was spent in visiting St. Anne de Beaupre, it was a day well spent. The following morning we sailed on the Empress of Britain to England. After spending two weeks in England we visited France being the guests of ex-S.S.M.I. G. C. Hopkinson, at Bourseville, Somme. Mr. Hopkinson very kindly placed his car at our disposal and from Bourseville we had the pleasure of touring some of the battlefields.

The ten days that we spent in the Company of Mr. Hopkinson were most enjoyable. The actual place visited I can't actually recall without maps but will mention numerous places well known to many. In the Church yard at Bourseville I noticed the grave of the late No. 14961 Pte. W. R. Williams 20th February 1917. The grave was cared for the same as those in the numerous cemeteries of the B.G.C. Like all good times an ending must come. Mr. Hopkinson drove us to Dieppe and saw us safely on our way.

Back in England I paid a hasty visit to Sheerness, Kent, and found ex-S.S.M. W. Tamlyn and family all merry and bright, my time was limited to a short stay but all I can say is that Tam was off parade and that he had made up his mind to run over and see Mr. Hopkinson.

From the time of my arrival I intended to meet Mr. Dee, whose articles often appear in The Goat. At last we lunched together in London. Mr. Dee, other than being a little gray is ever the same. The last time I saw Mr. Dee was in 1915 in Belgium with the B.P.I.



Only a few weeks past I had the pleasure of being visited by Mr. P. Morgan of Toronto, who needs no introducing, Luckily I was able to relate my visit to England, also of having seen Mr. Dee who was soldiering with him in St. Johns as far as 1906.

Mr. Dee has written many articles in the Goat and may I suggest that his next article on his service with the Regiment be published as I feel sure that very few know of Mr. Dee and that he was actually a member of the Regiment serving a considerable time also being in the only R.C.D. band.

Places visited:

Dieppe, Letreport, x-Bourseville, x-Tully, xlWoincourt, (Regimental Billets), Abberville, Doullens, Arras, Vimy Ridge, Lievin, Notre Dame de Lorette, Bapaume, Albert, Amiens, Pickuinsy, Bourseville, (by following a map one should be able to follow the above places. A good long days trip.)

2nd Day—

Douai, Pont-a-Marco, Archies, x-Stamand - les-Eaux, x-Stopped over night.

3rd Day—

St. Amand, x-Valenciennes, x-Cambria, (x-Lunch) x-Perronne, x-St. Quentin, x-Ham, Noyan Compeigne Paris, (We stayed two days in Paris returning by way of Beauvais.) Grandvilliers, Sarcus Montmarquet, Inval. x-Neslette-Blangy, Bottencourt, Gamaches, (Div. H.Q.) Dargines, Bethen-

court. The places are known to many.

The only change noticeable being that Electricity has been installed otherwise all is ever the same in villages not affected by shell fire.

To conclude trust that my endeavours have not troubled you too much.

Yours truly,

G. D. Churchward.

TOO GOOD TO BE DRUNK

Sergeant Sings to Court Martial To Obtain His Freedom

Mrs. Riley and Her Pigs

By singing a comic song at a Court Martial at Aldershot a sergeant of the Royal Ulster Rifles cleared his character and the case against him was dismissed.

It appears that the jovial sergeant was in the mess one night singing a comic song and pulling comical faces, when the Sergt Major come in and placed him under arrest on a charge of being drunk and that was the subject of the charge to-day.

The sergeant denied he was drunk, or that he had been drinking, and his solicitor urged that his comical face while singing probably gave a false impression of his condition.

The court assented to the solicitor's plea that they hear the sergeant sing, and form their own

opinion.

The sergeant then sang a song concerning an Old Mrs. Riley taking pigs to market, and he pulled such funny faces that the court was convulsed and it was promptly decided to dismiss the charge.

The Chicago hold-up man thinking that the world owes him a living and is always sticking up for his rights.

"There is only one thing worse than lecturing; that is, making after dinner speeches."—Andre Maurois.



Lillian Gish and Robert Harrow in D. W. Griffith's war epic film "Hearts of the World," which will be shown at the Legion Hall, St. Johns on December 8th, 9th and 10th for the benefit of Veterans of the Great War. The only romance actually filmed in France during the war with the co-operation of the English and French governments.

Parley Vous?

By Richard Carroll

By the courtesy of "The Veteran"

In a tumble down barn, a war tattered town, a none too quite sector of France, the centre of a group of comrades—in mental sweat, Bull Condon, private in his Majesty's Dragoon Guards laboriously daubed stolen axle grease on muddy boots amid the jeers of his fellow bucks.

"What do you do, Bill, wear a mark?"

Private Sylvester Shortridge was curious. He sidled to where Bull bent in critical survey of his work. With the impudence of his size he taunted the giant.

"Any chance for a real guy? Bull? Don't y'ove it to the lady to let her shake me mit?"

The bulk of Private Condon straightened. An arm branched out, like the limb of an oak tree, hairy backed fingers fastened on Sylvestre's tunic. The midget's feet left the ground. A voice, like the rumble of a volcano, shook the billet.

"If I catch you, or any one of youse, playing around her ankles, I'll—"

Bull didn't have imagination enough to finish. He lowered his small chum to the ground, stood him on his feet and returned to his task. He finished and surveyed himself in a polished steel mirror.

Blue black eyes looked out from under heavy brows arching darkly across a massive face. Nothing handsome about it, nothing repulsive. But, in the set of the hard jaw, the bulging muscles of the thick neck, the calm, deadly lines of his face, could be read brute power in essence, primitive strength to carry out desire.

Bull bent his six and a half foot frame as he lumbered through the door, the jeers of his comrades following. Friendly jeers, for Condon was the friendliest man among them. They knew his strength, and did not fear him. Knew the contradictions of him. Condon, the soft hearted brute who could pen a note of genuine sympathy to a German mother with hands still wet with the blood of her son, who could plead forgiveness for his act while

iron hands squeezed a windpipe; week real tears for the death squeal of his victim.

They knew him, too, for a man who would join them in a losing fight in a cafe, and make a bunch of tipsy Imperials think Fritz had dumped a munition factory on them.

He strutted down the road on errand bent. A group of men surrounding an old French woman claimed him. They were gesticulating wildly. Bull strode up, pushing them aside.

"What's the matter?"

One of the men answered.

"We're trying to make this old dame give us some clean straw. She don't comprey."

Bull waved them back. His acquired French of four years seethed for outlet.

"Vous parley Francais, Madame?"

The old peasant looked up at him puzzled. Did she? French?

"Oui, oui, Monsieur."

Bull scratched his chin.

Comprey, Madame, comprey — ah — barn — barn door. Straw for soldat. Cushey!"

Bull mouthed the last word, chewing it like a time tested dish.

"Ah! ah! ah! Cushay straw. Straw for cushay. Why before you no spik Anglaise."

Bull curled a derisive lip as he turned to his fellows.

"There, y'are. Go an' git it."

In the billet Private Sylvester juggled a pair of alluring dice. On his knees was spread a sample of the British army's gambling favorite, a Crown and Anchor Board. Sylvester was holding high converse with himself, with his companions, with the world in general.

"Stout," he acclaimed, "Stout as you get at Madam 27's is eatin' and drinkin'. Beer ain't good colored water 'longside of it."

He dug a bottle from beneath his equipment on the floor, drained it down capacious throat. He glanced around the billet, kindly, daring contradiction. He met none. For all the size of him the men respected him. Silly could, would and did, fight on any and all provocation. Besides he had a protector, whose protection was as fiercely refused as generous offered. Bull Condon and Silly were the regimental inseparables. Where one went could be found the other. The

long and short of every fistic argument. Silly held the empty bottle.

"This 'ere stout makes a man what is a man, a hairy chested wonder."

Sylvester rose on his feet, stretched to the height of his five feet two. An unkind private stuck a leg behind him. An unkind corporal tapped him on the chest. Sylvester nestled in the arms of a reclining comrade.

Sergeant Blakes voice broke up the scrap that followed.

Silly unwrapped himself from the neck of an opponent, stuck a bony knee into that gentleman's ribs and swung to safety from a circling boot.

"Get t'l out of here and fall in. We're moving in five minutes."

Private Shortridge rolled his dice in worth cloth and snatched up his equipment. He joined his company forming in the road. The others came tumbling after, hurriedly bucking belts and adjusting packs. When numbers were called Private Condon was missing.

Sergeant murmured the words of a prayer.

"Get that gorilla here at once. Come on, Silly, snap into it."

Silly departed on the run. At the door of Madam 27's estaminet he hesitated then slipped around to the kitchen entrance. Through dusty curtains he saw a mass of silky black hair nestled against a broad expanse of khaki. He saw Bull's heavy face above it, tender as a woman's Silly's bright blue eyes popped. He listened.

"You dom dear soldiat, mon Bool."

The black head tilted back. Large blue eyes looked into the dark of Bull's. Red lips parted slightly.

"Sonely au revore, cherie. Sonely au revore. Me allay now. Me come back. La gare tut sweet fini."

Bull's husky drone had a wail in it.

"Apray la gare maree. For heaven's sake, don't cry, kid."

"No maree, Bool. No maree. Al-lemand fix no maree. Maybe, no maree."

Bull stared. A light glimmered in the darkness of his brain. He remembered the little boy he had

seen playing around the cafe. Her boy.

"I know kid. That doesn't make any difference. I'll get the gink who did it. I'll get 'em all. I'll find the father of yer kid and I'll—"

Again Bull's imagination failed him. The slow voice of him held no threat. He expressed no personal feeling. Bull's was a statement of fact, simplicity itself. He would kill the German who was the father of Jeanette's child. It wasn't vengeance. Just the plain thing to do, without ceremony, without undue pain. Bull never even stoppd to consider where, in all the millions of the German army, he would find his man. Mere trifle, that. Another atrocity for remembrance.

Sudden passion rose in the girl's voice.

"I mark heem, Bool. I mark heem. He — whatucall — he bite me. I bite him."

She lifted the mass of her hair on the left side and showed him the lobe of a dainty ear. Bull stared at her. Jeanette broke from him and ran to a cupboard. From the top shelf she took a small box and opened it. From it she took a small pink object, holding it up to him. He saw with wondering eyes what looked like the lower part of a human ear, the lobe.

Outside, a gaping Silly saw and heard and grunted. Bull's girl had done that. Bull's girl had bitten. — Silly stopped thinking. He didn't quite know how to feel about it, to shudder, or to laugh. Here was tragedy—or was it comedy?

Jeanette was speaking. Her voice calmer.

"From doctaire, pere mon garçon. What you says Fathaire mon boy, No?"

Not for the world would Bull admit he didn't know what she was talking about. His consternation grew. This the soft eyed Jeanette. This the little village innocent, this tigress! Brute himself, he wanted his women gentle.

Nevertheless he kissed her. They broke away to the sound of a shrill voice in the estaminet.

"Sonely au revore, cherie, 'sonely au revore."

The sound of a smacking kiss.

"That's fer all the cogne y' put in me coffee."

Running steps. The sound of Madame's voice, irate. A crash against

the kitchen door and Silly was kissing the earthen floor at their feet with more force than fervor.

Jeanette slipped back from Bull's encircling arms as Silly uncoiled himself.

"Get on parade y' nut. The Sergeant's raising Cain. Kiss the kid and beat it. Come on we've got to leg it."

In the street outside the regiment was marching past, without them.

"Goodbye, Jeanette, goodbye."

Silly, unnoticed, caught up the little box lying on the table, pressed the lid on its gruesome contents and followed the bulk of his comrade through the door.

Three days later a tired regiment straggled out of the town of Balieul and moved in column of fours down the road leading to Armentieres. That city, made famous by the activities of its promiscuous mademoiselle, was their destination. They were never to reach it.

The old hands among the men wondered, at the change that had come over the familiar region. Once they could leave the front line and drop back into Armentieres for a

quiet drink of beer at one of the numerous estaminets, untouched by shells.

Now miles behind it, the once peaceful country had a haggard air. Worse than destruction, it was in process of being destroyed. There was nothing final about it, as a village or town whose houses have been levelled, whose identity has been lost under fire. This sector had ghastly life in it. It was dying and the pain of its death struck home to the old timers.

Cows and horses and pigs and hens roamed timidly about deserted farm houses still warm with recent life. Peasant fugitives passed in the opposite direction as the regiment marched along.

Old women with bundles balanced on their heads. Doddering men pushing hand carts, filled with all they could hold of their worldly goods. Children perched atop, or scrambling in the mud nursing a baby as she straggled along.

Two lean cows, driven by a peasant, made temporary havoc in the ranks of the Newfoundlanders.

Bull Condon shoed them away, his bellow louder than theirs. Fugitives from Armentieres. Condon's musical fancy took the tip. He opened the cavern of his mouth.

Mademoiselle from Armentieres, parley vous?

Mademoiselle from Armentieres, parley vous?

Mademoiselle from Armentieres, Bookoo pickanninies for souvenirs,

Hinky, pinky, parley vous?

Feebly at first, gradually swelling as the men recalled gallentries with similar maids, the lilt gathered power. Company after company picked it up until it rolled like thunder above the uproar of movement.

Mademoiselle from Armentieres, parley vous?

Mademoiselle from Armentieres, parley vous?

Mademoiselle from Armentieres, Hasn't been kissed in fifty years,

Hinky, pinky, parley vous?

Bull aimed his bellow at the passing fugitives, meaning to cheer them.

"Cut out the singing."

The order passed along the line. The men grew suddenly quiet And vaguely nervous. Things grow serious when men must march in silence

Sergeant Blake's company halted near an abandoned estaminet, half way to Armentieres. The men detoured across a field, single file. The regiment spread out in extended formation three feet apart. Night was setting in.

"Dig in."

Trenching tools jabbed quietly. Swiftly the earth piled in front of the sweating men. Again the word passed along, information this time, whispered.

The Portugese holding the line in front of Armentieres had fled when Fritz launched his attack. The Newfoundlanders had been called to help save Balieul. Balieul nestled at the foot of the high ridge that barred the Germans from the open plains stretching to St. Omer and thence to the sea. Poperinghe, Steenwoordt, Langemark rail heads and supply dumps lay between.

Do you drink plenty of Milk?

Milk is one of the most nourishing foods obtainable and should be included in the daily diet of every person. Drink at least a quart a day of milk which you know to be pure, rich and wholesome for.....health!

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Straggling detachments of Portuguese came running through the fields heading for Baleul. The Newfoundlanders let them go. Rifles resting on the mound of clay in front of them, heads discreetly lowered, they waited.

Now the shadowy forms of the enemy loomed in the darkness ahead. The Portuguese had disappeared. Fritz advanced, cautiously, unaware of the line of waiting men. They were only twenty yards away when a shot from the Newfoundlanders gave the signal. Before Fritz knew what had happened he was caught in a withering fusillade. Every man of the Regi-

ment pumped his magazine of bullets into the shadowy line ahead.

Bull Condon rose full height in the trench. Grasping a bomb he singled out a spot where the enemy had bunched in fright. He let the detonating spring slip. Ten seconds from that and the bomb would explode. Bull counted, long seconds for the men near him.

"One, two, three, four, five, six—"

The bomb shot out with the speed of a baseball from the hand of a big league pitcher. I burst without touching the ground, in the center of the group. Yells and squeals. Bull shot over another one. Again and again, Each time the count was shorter. The Germans were drawing away.

"Cease fire."

The order passed along. Condon went in search of more bombs.

Twice that morning the attack was repeated and twice repulsed. Both sides rested during the day, eagerly watchful. At night the assault began afresh. Wave after wave of living men threw itself against the wall of flying steel, impotent. The German dead piled high in front.

Under cover of dark Bull Condon left his comrades and, against all orders, crawled out to the wall of dead in front. He felt the bodies as he went along, bending stiff necks to look at the ears.

The fourth night the regiment started back to a new and stronger position. Fritz chose that hour for fresh attack. The Newfoundlanders, caught away from their trench, greatly outnumbered turned and met him.

They did not charge. They did not cheer. Slowly they advanced firing as they went. Surprised, Fritz checked his own advance, hesitated and drew back. No man wants to meet cold steel in the hands of another. The bullet is better, safer. When attacking forces get within a dozen yards of each other one side or the other retires, to live and fight again. The bayonet, but for the fact that sometimes there was bread to toast, would be of little use in modern war.

Fritz retired. The Newfoundlanders dropped back again, not strong enough, not willing to follow up an advantage.

In their new position Condon

missed his little friend. He asked Sergeant Blake.

"Didja see Silly, Sergeant?"

"Naw. They musta got him if he isn't here."

Condon started back in the direction of the original firing line, half a mile away. It was dark save for a half hearted moon that winked on the ashy faces of the upturned dead. Bull stumbled over the still warm bodies, not noticing them. Silly would be farther back. He didn't know if Fritz had followed up the retreat. The whole German army could be there. Little Bull Condon cared. He went alone. The living, among the dead.

He reached the trench and crawled among the dead. Patiently he examined the bodies. He paid no attention to the wounded, too far gone to help. Ruthlessly he heaved the bodies aside, pulling dead man from beneath dead man, pawing, swearing, peering.

Behind the trench he found Silly. The slight frame lay, face down. His legs doubled under him. The right hand grasped a dead German's wrist. The left hand jammed against the German's mouth. The head pressed into the ground over the German's shoulder. Blood soaked the ground around them. Condon lifted him clear. Fresh blood released poured from a slit across Silly's temple. He was dead.

Condon lifted his heavy boot. He lashed the body on the ground. He laughed as he felt the ribs drive in. Impotently muming. The night sizzled with his blasphemy. He stooped to ram his fist in the dead man's purple streaked face. Wildly raging, vengeful. His hand stayed.

Forced between the man's lips, lips, still bruised by the force of Silly's fist, was the same pink object Jeanette had shown him in the kitchen of her mother's estaminet at Corbe. The hole of an ear.

Bull turned the German over with his foot. The lower part of the man's ear was missing!

Silly, then, had heard, had witnessed that scene between himself and Jeanette. Silly had done this for him Bull. The loyalty of it stung the big fellow. He took the body of his chum in his arms and strode away, murmuring as he went, incoherent.

"Ya bloody fool what y' do it for? His ear chawed off. They got

ye. Damn 'em."

A string of oaths to startle the dead. The booming, maddened voice carried and echoed across the field to startle a nervous enemy. The bloody head of his chum cradled in the crook of his arm. Tender as a mother with a babe.

"God didn't make ye big enough blast ya. Why didn't y' call for me? Ya runt, ye half pint. They killed ya. Yer inside's too big for yer out. Whatja do it for? They killed ya."

Bull stumbled along. King night to mantle grief.

The battle of Balieul had dribbled into history when Bull's regiment again marched through Carnoy valley on the road that led to Corbe. The line of battle had shifted far way. Themselves had newly finished a drive into territory that for four years had been in German hands. The men were more cheerful now. Reviving hope. The dull monotony, the uncertainty was gone. The big drive of September had smashed through obstacles thought insurmountable. Fresh troops were pouring in to relieve them. Now they could rest after weeks in the front line.

Here and there on the march back they met American divisions on their way up. The weary Newfoundlanders gave them friendly greeting, and advice. They smiled at the newcomers who marched along, a little fearful a little puzzled, a little eager to try it for themselves. The colonials hoped the boys could fight. Later they knew they could.

Corbe was the same, a little dirtier, if possible, as the regiment rolled in. The old billets were still there, the same, but for a few more holes in the walls, a few more cooties in the dirty straw.

Madame 27 slung a bottle of stout on the wet counter as Condon leaned over it. She didn't know him. So many faces had passed before her they had become blur of barking orders.

"How's Jeanette?"

Madame peered at the speaker. Her face wrinkled in smiles.

"Ah, mon Bool, you come back. You no keel?"

Bull drained a bottle of stout. "Dead men can't do that, cherie, can they?"

He wiped his lips on his sleeve. "Where's Jeanette?"

Madame pointed to the kitchen.

1933-1934

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In front Imperial Theatre

Richelieu St. St. Johns

With the Compliments of
James F. Cosgrave,
Toronto, Ont.

Bull went in.

Jeanette, head bent over the stove did not see him enter. He spoke her name, standing awkwardly beside her. The dish she held clattered to the floor. She whirled around.

"Bool, mon Bool!"

He moved, as if to throw herself in his arms, stopped short, turned suddenly away.

"What's the matter, cherie? What's the catter?"

Jeanette sought to push him away.

"Non, non, non. No can touch."

"What's the matter?"

Jeanette looked at him, tearfully. Silent.

Bull started to explain.

"Y" don't have to worry kid. Allemand nappoo, fini, dead. Killed a friend of mine Friend finish him, too."

"Allemand fini? What Allemand fini? How do you know Allemand fini?"

Bull fingered his ear. He drew a line across it, imitating a cut.

"Ear gone, here, cut off, see? Allemand ear bit off, see?"

"Who bit Allemand ear? What Allemand ear bit? Non Allemand's ear bit."

Jeanette's voice was tearful as her eyes. She looked up at Bull. Released tears furrowed down pale cheeks. She hesitated. Then spoke low.

"Jeanette no want Bool know. Jeanette ugly, Jeanette ear bit. Allemand bit Jeanette's ear Bit with knife. Cut her. Jeanette bit Allemand Bit heem with knife, too. Cut him in arm."

The girl pushed back the wealth of her hair, on the right side this time The lower part of her ear, the lobe, was missing. She looked at Bull, fearful of his expected horror.

"Doctaire, mon hoosband, he fix ear once. Make whatyoucall—wax one for Jeanette. No can tell. Your friend, he steal it. Now mon doctaire gone, fini.

Mon garcon non pere, non fa-thaire. Dead nappoo. No fix ear. Me no maree. Ugly."

Bull's mouth gaped open. His jaw sagged. He seemed on the point

of running away. Then shook with laughter that rolled up from his feet.

Jeanette frowned, stamped her foot, slapped him in the face, tiptoed to reach him. Laughed too, weeping.

"Gawd, kid, and me thinkin' y' chewed the ear of a Heinie and pickled it. I've killed a lot of Fritz's thinking about that. And why didn't ya tell me you were married, a widow. How's a fellow to know?"

He gathered her in his arms, kissing her.

"You dom good soldat, mon, Bool, but you no spik Francaise."

"You're a sell out yourself, Jinnie. Me no good comprey your lingo. But I sure know what yer lips are saying."—Reprinted by permission New York Daily News, N. Y., Copyright, -927.

"It's the irony of the reforming temperament that it often will make its great issues out of mere matters of taste, and will be complacent over unquestioned wrongs."—John Erskine.

Snaring Camp Fun

On their own initiative this summer a number of Vancouver Boy Scouts who had saved money for two weeks in camp shared the period with boys of unemployed families, going themselves for but one week. Some hundred boys thus had an unlooked for outing.

A certain Trooper (with a habit of sleep walking) was found at 2 a.m. one morning turning a door knob very carefully."

"What in the world are you trying to do, you Mutt, get back to bed" said a surprised Night-hawk on returning from his nightly preambles.

"Keep quite," murmured the sleep walker, I am trying to get Ireland.

Lime is known under several names; quicklime, burnt lime, caustic lime, stone lime, etc, chemically it is calcium oxide, that is, a compound of the two elements calcium and oxygen.

The Blood Feud.

By Norman Reilly Raine

Von Strolich, of the Pomeranian Guards, bent low on the fire step to light a cigarette between closely cupped palms.

Dietz, his company second in command, reached out a warning hand.

"Be careful, Herr Captain! Our friends across the way are good at pot shots."

His senior chuckled. "Not they. The English have gone. They were relieved last night by the little dark men from India; Gurkhas, they are called. They do not love the British raj, those natives. *Nein!* For three years I was in India—for commercial reasons, of course." He laughed again shortly. "I know them well; their language also, and their very thoughts. They will not bother us much. You are nervous tonight, Paul. Listen. How quiet they are!"

The two officers stood motionless. Earth dribbled from the parapet to the trench mat, making a tiny cataract of sound. Up Armentieres way the mutter of the guns ebbed and waned. A solitary field battery slammed behind the German lines and the shells whirled far overhead to scatter a ration party at a distant crossroad. Somewhere along the sector a trench mortar popped off. The staccato lash of a sniper's bullet whipped across the sandbags. That was all.

A point of amusement again lit Van Strolich's eyes. "You see?" he smiled.

"*Eie mit Weile*—not too fast," Dietz reminded him soberly. "It is not yet midnight, and I do not like this quiet. It is not natural. I am going to have a look about."

"Trouble wears a long nose; but do what you like, so long as I am not disturbed. I am going to company headquarters dugout for more sleep. Have me called at two o'clock."

His tall shadow melted into the gloom of the communication trench.

Dietz remounted the fire step and raised his helmet cautiously above the parapet. An enemy flare soared in a trailing arc and plopped lighting up the ground with pallid brilliance. Dietz did not stir, but his eyes took in every detail of the

ugly strip of earth between their own and the British lines a little more than a hundred yards away; shell holes filled with stinking water; the hobnailed sole of an empty boot; a wire hung rag of khaki flapping in the night breeze that rustled the long dry weeds. As the flare died he stood suddenly upright in an effort to draw fire or some other manifestation of life. No sound or stir rewarded him. Nothing.

"Von Strolich was right, perhaps," he muttered as he stood once more on the floor of the trench, but the trained soldier in him would be satisfied with nothing short of certainty. He sent a runner for the company sergeant-major, and when he arrived issued crisp orders in a low tone. The sergeant-major made a round of the sentries, keying them up.

A runner stumbled down the steps of the company headquarters dugout. Von Strolich, instantly awake, jumped out of his chicken-wire bunk. Even forty feet below the ground and behind the front line it was plain that something murderous was on. Machine guns hammered, rifles cracked and bursting hand grenades gave their familiar metallic whine. The captain pushed the safety catch of his automatic. The runner, breathing hard, pulled himself up and saluted like an automaton.

"What is it?" the officer snapped.

"Enemy raid, Herr Captain. They past the outpost got, into a trap that the Oberleutnant had prepared for them, and—"

Before he had finished, Von Strolich was halfway up the steps. He cursed as he scraped his shin against the doorway coaming at to top and stumbled along the trench. The air was arid with shell fumes and cordites, and the ground shook with short, vicious gun bursts as the German artillery retaliation plastered the enemy position. Flares soared frantically, yellow and red and green.

The bombing had ceased, but two or three enemy shells exploded over the parados, showering him with dirt. A sound as of heavy wooden boxes clattered together told him that shrapnel was breaking over the front line. That, too, ceased, and in a momentary lull Von Strolich heard violent altercation. He broke into a run and

turning the corner of a bay, came upon what looked like a dog fight in the fire trench. Four or five of his men, cramped in a corner of a traverse, were on the ground trying to disarm a British officer and a large Gurkha.

They were secured at last and hauled to their feet, the Gurkha fighting like a maniac biting, scratching, gouging, kicking savagely with his bare feet, and the white man's shoulders bursting through the seams of his tunic in mad frenzy to resist capture.

Dietz, who had wrestled the British subaltern's pistol from him stood back, dark, watchful, stemming the flow from a gashed forehead.

"What happened, Paul?" Von Strolich asked.

"What I expected," the other replied laconically. "I knew that such unnatural quiet meant something, so I had a gap opened in our wire and placed flanking posts. These fine fellows walked right into it. Three were killed, and I captured these two. The others got away and dragged their casualties with them."

The party ducked and crouched as shrapnel burst overhead. When they straightened, Von Strolich faced the Britisher, annoyed at the unexpected vindication of Dietz's judgment. The subaltern was slightly built; hardly more than a schoolboy. His face was set and pallid with rage and humiliation.

"What is your name?" the Pomeranian asked in English.

The prisoner remained stubbornly silent, arms straining against the grip of two burly riflemen. Von Strolich reached forward and smacked him with his open palm across the face.

"Don't be sulky, you young dog. What is your name?"

There was another sudden violent struggle, in which Von Strolich himself was involved. He emerged disheveled, with a torn shoulder cord, and again the prisoner's were overpowered. They were spent but unsubdued. Von Strolich tried again.

"Answer me now! You are a captive, and to be nasty will do you no good," he growled, with hard *ys*. "I will not hesitate to shoot you, remember."

"Go to hell," the youngster replied. "You'll get nothing out of

me!"

Very well, I will teach you sense later on." Von Strolich turned to the native: "What is your regiment?"

"The Gurkha glanced at his officer 'Chup raho!' the subaltern commanded.

The native closed his lips.

"Take them to headquarters. We will try a different method of coaxing," Von Strolich ordered curtly, and turned to lead the way. Before he could take a step the officer prisoner wrenched himself free and jumped upon him, fighting for his pistol. They clattered to the bottom of the trench and the Pomeranian, using his superior weight, ground his knee into the captive's groin. Then he rose to his feet and watched the other stagger upright, dizzy with pain. The guards made for him, but Von Strolich waved them back.

"Let him come on," he growled, his eyes black with passion.

Dietz, who saw what was coming moved to interfere. He was too late. The Englishman, finding himself unhindered, sprang forward, and Von Strolich fired from the hip.

Von Strolich turned to Dietz, who did not trouble to hide his contempt: "It was unfortunate. He was a brave young man, yes; but foolish. I was compelled—" He straightened abruptly. "Search him for identification and bring his personal effects to me. Then detail a burial party. Secure the little savage and come along."

Candlelight brought out the hard bold lines of Von Strolich's face as he faced his prisoner in the headquarters dugout. As he questioned he played, curiously, with a heavy curved chopping knife—the deadly kukri of the Gurkha soldier. The native, between two stolid guardsmen, his skirted tunic ripped and earthstained, was well past middle age, short and thickset, with shoe-button eyes that glittered without expression in his broad parchment colored Mongolian countenance. He showed neither emotion nor interest.

"What is your name?"

"Ganesh Lall, sahib."

"Your regiment?"

The prisoner's shoulders lifted. "Hamari sir men dard hai, sahib. There is a pain in my head. I cannot think.

The Pomeranian drew his pistol

from its holster. 'I have here a cure for headaches. You have seen how effective it is. What is your regiment?'

"The First Nepal Rifles, sahib." "When did you enter the trenches?"

"Four days, have gone—"

"Jhuth mat balo! Don't tell lies! The Gurkha shrugged his shoulders. 'Lo, I am a poor man, sahib and have many children.'"

'You came in yesterday evening. You see! The German-log knows everything so be careful.'

The prisoner remained impassive. Von Strolich studied him for a minute in silence. Then he leaned forward. There no longer was menace in his voice.

"I have been to your country, Ganesh Lall, and have talked with your people. You are mighty fighters, but so is the German-log. The refore we should be friends. Be honest with me and you shall not suffer harm. This war is none of your doing, and I may perhaps let you go free with a message to your comrades. Money and land shall be theirs if they do what I say."

Behind his inscrutable eyes, Ganesh Lall saw two things, he saw a tiny Nepalese village, hidden in the folds of the snow-capped Himalayas, with wood smoke rising in the winelike air, and goats and children. His children... playing among the hillside bowlers; and he saw, at the bottom of a muddy trench, the bloody crumpled body of his officer. But what Ganesh Lall thought about these things no man can say.

'Truly, there is honey in thy mouth sahib, but I cannot do this thing for I have eaten the king's salt.'

Do you then so love Jarj Panjam—George the Fifth? How fare your children, and their father about to die in a foreign land?"

"A goat gives of its milk, sahib. A soldier is born to die. I am a soldier, and but one of many."

'Are you and your fellows slaves, too, that you should be dragged from your own sunny homes to die for Englishmen in the wet?'

"Nahin, sahib. We are men and the sons of warriors."

"Yet you obey the striplings of an alien race, like the stuttering young fool I killed tonight."

Had the Pomeranian taken the

trouble to be observant he might have noticed the tiny pulse that began to beat, beat at the corner of the Gurkha's jaw. There was no other sign.

'Collins sahib was a boy and his tongue stuttered. His courage did not stutter. We followed him,' said Ganesh Lall simply.

'He was not brave, he was foolardy—and he was a symbol of your bondage. With the German-log you would fight or not, as you pleased—your own masters. It is for you to say.'

Ganesh Lall's eyes flashed suddenly lustrous, then the lids dropped. 'I am ready, sahib,' he murmured. 'What would you have me do?'

"And so," related Ganesh Lall evenly to his brothers in arms an hour later, as they crouched around a brazier in the Gurkha lines, "this foul-bellied pariah, this slayer of Collins sahib whom my wife has amah, nursed at her breast, and to whom as a boy I taught the five soldiery precepts, took from his purse three pieces of gold. And he gave them to me and he spake thus: 'Ganesh Lall, return to your brothers, with this gold as witness of the faith of the German-log. For each information you bring to me you shall have more, and for each of your brothers who joins us, an equal amount.'"

Ganesh Lall held out the dull glitening pieces for inspection, and ejaculations and a whispering half sigh went around.

"Aiy-e-e! And what said you then, O Ganesh Lall?" broke out young Krishana Parto eagerly, for he was keen and unschooled in the councils of war.

"Still thy clack, little cockerel the old tribesman reproved without heat. 'Then,' said I to the German-log, 'It shall be as you say, hazur, for truly we are weary of fighting the battles of these English pigs. Of what avail is it to battle if one may not loot?'" And so a password was arranged and the time is the morrow, when there is no moon. Are ye covetous, followers of Collins sahib, who was our father and our son? Would you, too, feel the gold of the German-log?"

At the question an understanding grin passed about the circle.

The smallpox-pitted face of Jogundra Sur, who was a terrible hill fighter in his own country and lacked all the virtues except cou-

rage, beamed with joy. He fingered his kukri in its leather sheath.

"Thou art blood thirsty," little glutton he crooned. Then aloud: "It is a blood feud, Ganesh Lall?"

The old fighting man rose to his feet, his face grim in the dawn. He too, fingered the haft of his kukri.

"It is a blood feud, wolf of the Himalayas," he said.

All day it rained steadily, and when night fell the leaden pall hastened the dark. The trenches were a quagmire which sucked men ankle deep, and the constantly crumbling trenches burst through their revetings and kept working parties grumbling and miserable. Dietz, glum and taciturn, splashed endlessly about the company front, inspecting his position. From time to time he consulted the luminous dial of his watch. Men cursed his restlessness and guarded themselves against his dour humor, preferring Von Strolich with his careless forthrightness and lack of nerves. The sullen mutter of the guns was deadened by the rain, and a fine penetrating vapor, damp and cold like a Scotch mist, hugged every sheltered nook and crevice of the sodden trenches. Presently Dietz took shelter in a funk hole under the parapet out of the direct downpour, and lit a cigarette. Von Strolich joined him, his face red and cheerful with something besides the rain and the cold.

'What a queer fellow you are, Paul,' he chaffed. 'Stopping out here, when you might be warm and comfortable within. What have we a sergeant major for, eh. Prowling about so, you give him nothing to do. From Dquai this afternoon we received two cases of excellent—'

Dietz cut him short.

"Do you think he will come?"

Eh? Who? Oh the native? Of course he will!" Von Strolich said testily, put out by the other's brusqueness. Then he rubbed his hands and his good humor returned. "Ah, this weather! Often we have cursed the rain, you and I, eh?—but for this purpose it could not be better. How they hate the cold and wet, those little savages. They are understand me, lively, and dangerous fellows in an attack, althought to my mind they have been overrated. They are said to be implacable and fanatic when

their enmity is aroused, though equally faithful as friends. That was a lucky thought of mine last night, I must say; and now the rain has clinched it. To sit still in the rain filled trenches under our artillery fire hour after hour, with nothing to do but think! Then they know the futility of the quarrel into which they have been forced. It takes the very heart out of them. By the way, I noticed this afternoon that the Strassel Graben was four feet deep with water, and now it is dry. How did you get rid of it?"

"It was simple; we are on higher ground," Dietz growled. I sent a working party out after dark and drained it into the enemy trenches."

"Excellent! Splendid! That should put the finishing touch!" Von Strolich exclaimed. They are but animals after all as you shall see. He should be here now."

"He may have trouble getting through his own lines."

'They are serpents those Gurkhas though they seem so stupid. They are the best scouts on earth, and strike like cobras. You warned the sentries to expect—'

There was a sudden stir and a slight spash beside them. Startled, both officers leaped to their feet.

'Salaam, sahib!' Ganesh Lall stood before them, teeth chattering, mudeaked and soaked to the skin.

"I did not bother your sentries, sahib, he murmured apologetically. It was quickest this way, and I did not want undue firing to give the alarm. There is need for haste. In a half hour to our lines comes a divisional commander with his chief of staff—truly a burra sahib—to inspect our trenches, for a deluge hath descended upon us and well-nigh flooded us out. Our trenches are a quaking bog, and though the mighty ones may get up, they will not find it so easy to get back—if you are prompt. A Swift raid—in and out like ghosts—and they are yours. My brothers shiver in the mud like dogs upon a mountain top I fear, too, they have mud in the breeches of their rifles and will be unable to shoot."

Where is your battalion headquarters? asked Von Strolich. Ganesh Lall chafed a bare ankle with his muddy foot.

"Here, sahib, is a machine gun

emplacement; there, the communication trench leading back"—and rapidly the Gurkha described the disposition of the opposing position. It checked accurately with what the Pomenarians already knew. He concluded.

You will not need to bombard before you come, sahib, our sentries cannot see, nor can they hear, for the cold and the rain." He halted and his eyes shone avidly in the gloom. And now, sahib I, Ganesh Lall, who have served you faithfully and whom poverty hath for a bedfellow—"

Money chinked in the dark, and Ganesh Lall sprang like a cat upon the parapet. They could not hear the sound of his going.

Dietz broke into expostulation. Surely, Herr Captain, you are not going to act on such a wild—"

"Tut-tut! Don't be a fool, Paul! Cannot you see the man is genuine? I tell you, I know these peo-

ple. And think what he said—a divisional general and his chief of staff! That should please the high command. Orders. Pour le Mérite have been awarded for less."

"So has requiescat in pace", returned Dietz soberly. "What are you going to do?"

"Send a small party out to test the enemy sentries. If they report favorably we will raid. Make haste now! Fifty men! Have them detailed by the sergeant major, with the necessary N.C.Os. You will command, with Muller and Dieboldt to help. I am going to get in touch with battalion. The major will be elated. Get the party assembled and I'll issue final instruction."

With squelching boots and whispered admonitions the raiding party gathered in the rain under the fire trench parapet while two narrow lanes were cut in their wire to allow them egress. Silently, on the word of command, they filed

through, moving blobs against the pouring blackness of the night, the rain pouring in noisels from their humped backs. With bayonets fixed and mud-smeared against the reflection of a chance light, they moved forward beyond the ken of Von Strolch's anxious eyes, and dissolved into the curtain of dark.

An occasional enemy flare sputtered heavenward, outlined the scene in ghastly, shimmering radiance then died. At such times the raiders stood like stone. They were veterans of the trenches and knew how to proceed.

Twenty yards from the Gurkha wire Dietz again sent scouts forward to the British listening posts. They reported all quiet, and the raiders crept on, wire cutters in the lead. Dietz, his finger on the trigger of his automatic, his thumb on the safety catch, tried to ignore the beating of his heart. As they grew closer, however, and no alarm was given, his misgiving began to

give way to a grudging admission that perhaps Von Strolch was right. The never ceasing hiss of the rain drowned the lesser slips and splashes, and they approached a darker ground belt that was the enemy wire. Then a man stumbled over a trip cord and fell heavily.

Instantly the ground was flooded with a startling greenish-white illumination that picked out the raiders like a theatrical spotlight. Strung on the trip cord were a half dozen automatic sulphuric-acid and chlorate of potash flares. A single crimson artillery rocket sighed skyward and the British batteries cut loose. Mud flew under the impact of a hurricane of high explosive shells as they dropped a curtain of death behind the raiders, and from in front the spitting snouts of waiting machine guns traversed them with lead. They could neither go forward nor retreat. They were trapped.



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